

SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

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No. 158.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

THE BRADYS AND THE ANARCHIST THE QUEEN!

OR, RUNNING DOWN THE "REDS".

By A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



The next moment the man recoiled, uttering a stifled cry of alarm, for he was confronted by the Bradys, and they each held a revolver aimed right at his head. Bound and gagged in a chair was the Anarchist queen.

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RUNNING DOWN THE "REDS."

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CHAPTER I.

A TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT.

"The President's life is in danger, Old King Brady," said Chief Dilkie of the Washington Division of the Secret Service. "Anarchists are threatening him daily."

"Is that the reason you sent to New York for Harry and me?" asked the celebrated old detective, as he glanced out the window of the Treasury building, in which he was conferring with his superior officer.

"Yes. We want the keenest, bravest, and most intelligent sleuths on the force to deal with this dangerous case. Without flattering you and your boy partner, I can safely say you fill the requirements."

"What are the facts in the matter?" asked Old King Brady, curiously.

"If you will come to the White House with me," replied the Chief, rising from his desk, and putting on his hat, "we will discuss the matter with the President. You will then learn all the details, and we won't have to talk it over a second time. But where is Harry Brady, your partner?"

"When we alighted from the train in the Pennsylvania depot at four o'clock," said Old King Brady, a grim expression flitting over his clean-shaven face, "we observed a woman named Emma Gold, whom we recognized as the Anarchist Queen, keenly watching us. She lives in New York. Seeing her here in Washington aroused our suspicions of her. I told Harry to shadow her. She seemed startled to see us. We entered a herdie to ride here, and saw

her following us in a cab. Harry alighted unseen, and while the Queen was following me, Harry followed her. Upon my arrival here, Emma's cab was driven away rapidly and the last I saw of Harry, he was pursuing her."

The Chief looked troubled and uneasy, for he knew Emma Gold was the most dangerous and notorious anarchist in the United States.

"I am pleased to hear of your sagacity in having her followed, Old King Brady," said he in earnest tones, "for that woman is not in Washington for nothing, you can depend."

"Just what I thought, too," said the old criminal hunter, as he took a chew of tobacco, and put on his big felt hat. "She may be implicated in the plot you just mentioned, in which the President's life is threatened."

The Chief took a bundle of papers from his desk, and Old King Brady buttoned the old blue frock coat he wore up to his chin, so that only his standing collar and old-fashioned black stock were shown.

He was an eccentric man, with a powerful, big frame, gaunt features, deep-set eyes, and white hair, and he was accounted the greatest detective in the world, for he never lost a case.

Leaving the office with the Chief, they went down stairs.

Near the entrance they met a boy of twenty, whose sturdy figure was clad in stylish clothing, patterned after those worn by Old King Brady.

This youth had a handsome, fearless face, eyes that betrayed a sharp, daring character, and jaws that displayed a bull-dog determination.

He was Young King Brady, the old detective's partner and pupil.

Catching sight of the boy, the Chief exclaimed:

"Here comes Harry, now."

"Must have finished his job," said Old King Brady, in matter of fact tones.

Harry saw them, and the smiling glance he gave his partner told that individual that he had been successful.

"I've run Emma to her lair," were his first words, as he nodded a salutation to the Chief, and joined his partner.

"What became of the Queen?" asked Old King Brady interestedly.

"She is boarding with some negroes over in Georgetown."

"Did you find out what she was doing at the depot?"

"By listening outside of an open window, I heard her say to her boarding mistress that the arrival of a couple of people she knew had changed her plan to go back to New York to-day. She therefore concluded to remain in Washington another week, and she paid her board in advance for that length of time. As I knew she was settled there to watch us, and find out what we came to Washington for, I left her, and came back here."

"That's all right," said Old King Brady. "We can find her when we want her now. Come with us to see the President. It seems his life has been threatened by the Reds, and we are to be given the assignment of running them down. The Chief will give us the particulars later on."

Harry nodded, and they left the Treasury building.

As they passed into the street, a young man who worked in the Treasury Department stepped from a doorway, in which he had been silently crouching, listening to what the detectives said.

"The Bradys, from New York," he muttered, as a frightened look crept over his thin, pallid features. "The President has got wind of the plot to kill him, and has sent for those demon detectives to expose and capture the gang. We are in deadly peril. I must hurry over to the Executive Mansion, see Bronislava, and tell her to listen to what they say. She may be able to post us, so we won't get caught."

He dashed out of the building, and saw the Chief and the two detectives heading around the corner on their way to the White House.

As a car came along, he boarded it, and was carried past the officers.

Reaching the White House grounds in advance of them, he hurried in, and meeting one of the guards at the door, he was saluted with:

"Hello, Peter Iseek, what brings you here to-day? Come to see your sweetheart?"

"Yes, Jim," replied the young man with a faint smile. "And a sweeter little chambermaid than Bronislava Dombrowsky never graced the home of an illustrious President. Can I go in to see her?"

"Certainly. I always have a deep sympathy with lovers," laughed the guard, as he permitted the young clerk to enter.

The appearance of the Chief of the Secret Service and the two New York detectives a few minutes later engaged the

guard's attention, and he ushered them into the Blue Room, while he went to notify the President of their arrival.

At the windows there were heavy velvet portieres, and they did not suspect that a dark, slender Polish girl was hidden behind the folds of one of them, at the command of Peter Iseek, for the purpose of listening to all that was said by the President.

The gray shadows of twilight had fallen, and the room was cast in partial gloom, which favored the enterprise of the plotters.

In the course of five minutes the door opened, and the President entered.

He looked pale and tired from a long session with his Cabinet officers, but he greeted the detectives pleasantly, for he was acquainted with the Bradys.

"I am pleased to see you, gentlemen," said he, as he seated himself at a table, and motioned to them to do the same. "And I presume you have called in reference to the unfortunate news I received about an attempt to be made upon my life by those misguided people, the anarchists?"

"Exactly so, sir," replied Old King Brady. "If you will explain all the circumstances, we shall run down your enemies, and put them in prison."

"Your Chief has all the data," said the President. "In the first place, about a week ago my private secretary received a letter addressed to me by a person in Buffalo, saying that the anarchists had decided to kill me. He was a member of their party, but was not in accord with their views. To put me on my guard, he wrote that warning letter."

"What was his name, sir?" asked the old detective.

"Samuel Nowak. He furthermore stated that when lots were drawn to see who was fated to put me out of the way, the choice fell to a young man named Leon Czolgosz, of whose whereabouts the police can gain no trace. As the plot has been developed to a point where the assassin has been appointed, I believe that your duty is to find this man Czolgosz, and put him under restraint, so he cannot carry out his design."

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Old King Brady emphatically, "and you can depend that we shall locate and arrest the man. In fact, it shall be our duty to not only exterminate that scoundrel, but we shall endeavor to stamp out of existence every anarchist who curses our free and liberal government."

"I have given you in brief all I know about the matter, Mr. Brady," said the President, in his usual dignified way, "and I will leave the rest to your Chief. But I most earnestly wish to impress upon your mind the absolute necessity of maintaining the most profound secrecy about this matter. If the news becomes public, it would affect not only my family, but the whole nation would become alarmed, and the most disastrous panics would ensue in the financial and commercial world."

"You can rely upon our discretion, sir."

"I know it," said the President, rising to signify that the interview was at an end. "And I sincerely trust you will meet with success in your work."

The officers then shook hands with him, and departed.

When the President left the room, the treacherous servant glided from her hiding place behind the portiere, with a look of alarm on her face.

"The whole plot is exposed," she hissed. "They know that Czolgosz is to do the work. I must warn Peter, so he can put his friend on his guard."

She hastened from the room to the servants' quarters.

Here she met her lover, and hastily whispered all she had heard.

Iseek was greatly agitated, and left the house at once.

Boarding a car, he rode out to Georgetown and made his way to an old shanty near the Aqueduct bridge, occupied by negroes. A knock at the door brought an evil-looking negress out.

"I wish to see Miss Gold," hastily exclaimed Iseek.

"Oh! Am dat yo', Massa Peter? Come in, honey. She is in up in her room."

The young man darted into the gloomy, foul-odored hall, the front door banged shut, and he ran up the creaky stairs, feverish with excitement. Knocking at a door, and receiving an invitation to enter, the young man pushed the door open, and stepped into the apartment, crying:

"Emma! Emma! The President knows all, and has sent the Bradys after us."

But the next moment he recoiled, uttering a stifled cry of alarm.

For he was confronted by the Bradys, and they each held a revolver, aimed squarely at his head.

Bound and gagged in a chair was the Anarchist Queen!

CHAPTER II.

THE TELL-TALE CLEW.

"Young man," exclaimed Old King Brady, in tones of grim determination, "you are my prisoner! Throw up your hands and surrender, or by heavens we will blow your brains out!"

Peter Iseek groaned, and complied, shaking with terror.

Death was staring him in the face, for he knew that the detectives would not hesitate an instant to kill him, if he resisted.

There was a cold, merciless look in Old King Brady's steel-gray eyes, as he sized up the Treasury employee, and continued in firm, measured tones:

"Advance into this room, sir!"

With faltering footsteps Iseek obeyed, and stood within a few feet of his captor, wondering what was coming next.

He was not kept long in doubt.

Harry Brady pulled a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket, and stepping over to the young man, he snapped the steel fetters on his wrists.

The old detective strode to the door and listened.

He heard the negress downstairs going back into her kitchen.

Satisfied that she was not going to come up, the old detective closed the door, and turning to Peter, he demanded:

"How did you learn so quickly that the President knew about your plot to kill him, and engaged us to run you down?"

A stubborn, sullen look stole over Peter's pale face.

He was not going to give his sweetheart away to the police, and swiftly came to the determination to keep the source of his information a secret from them.

The Bradys plainly saw that he was resolved not to answer that question. But the old detective was equal to the occasion, and said, quietly:

"He won't speak. Search him, Harry."

The young detective nodded, and smiled as he noticed the scared look that swept over the prisoner's face as his hands began to deftly turn the prisoner's pockets inside out. Harry took it for a sure sign of guilt.

"You don't fancy this, I see," he remarked, as he brought to light a bunch of keys, a pocket knife, a few dollars, and a letter.

Peter made no reply, but gazed helplessly at Emma Gold, who was a short, pudgy woman of forty, with a homely face, and eyeglasses on her nose.

"What's the letter?" demanded Old King Brady quickly, as he caught view of it.

"Written on Executive Mansion note paper," replied Harry, "and addressed to Peter Iseek, care of the Treasury Department. The letter has come from a woman in the White House, and this fellow must be Iseek, and must be employed in the Treasury. I'll read the letter."

He took a sheet of paper from the envelope, and read the following lines, written in a feminine hand, aloud to his partner:

"Dear Peter: I got a job in the White House as chambermaid. Now, if anything goes on, I can find out all about it, and give you inside information, to help along the cause. When you come to see me, I am to be found in the servants' quarters. Call soon. With love, BRONISLAVA."

When Harry finished reading the letter, a significant glance passed between him and his partner, and he said:

"It's plain to understand. This fellow is an anarchist. He has a sweetheart working as a servant in the Executive Mansion. She must have heard what passed between us and the President. Having notified this man, he came here to warn the Gold woman."

"Just so," assented Old King Brady. "And it's a lucky thing we came right here after leaving the President, else we might not have captured this chap. We'll put him in jail, and go after his girl now."

"I hope we will have no interference from the negroes who live here," said Harry. "Still, I don't believe any of them know we are in the house. When we located Emma's room, by peering in the windows from the roof of the car stable across the street, we entered the house without being seen. And when we stole up here, and attacked and overcame the Queen, we made so little noise that I'm sure nobody heard it."

The old detective nodded and turned to the woman and removed her gag.

"Emma," said he, in cold, harsh tones, "you know Harry and me, and you now know why we came to Washington and attacked you. Consequently no explanations are now necessary on that score. But I want you to give me some information about this young man."

The Anarchist Queen smiled contemptuously, and said, in sneering tones:

"I don't know him, Brady."

"That's a lie! The way he came in here proves it."

"As you don't believe me, I've got nothing further to say."

"Well," said Old King Brady, unmoved, "we can then infer that he is a member of the anarchists' society, of which you are the recognized Queen. Like a faithful subject, this poor fool came to warn you of the fact that Samuel Nowak, of Buffalo, gave away your plot to murder the President. But he rushed right into a trap, and now we've got him. I have no doubt that you came to Washington to start him and his girl working for your party of cut-throats. Seeing Harry and me arriving here caused you to change your plan to go back to New York, and impelled you to remain here. That's where you erred. We traced you here. And you, too, are a prisoner."

"What good is it going to do you to hold me?" demanded the woman scornfully. "You can't prove anything against me. I defy you to. Perhaps you will lock me up. But when I'm put on trial the judge will have to discharge me for want of direct evidence. You can't imprison people without cause, you know."

"Very true," assented the old detective calmly, "but we can hold you on suspicion until Harry and I have time to run down Leon Czolgosz to prevent him from killing the President."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Queen. "What good will it do the police to arrest any anarchist? I don't know anything about this man Czolgosz. But I will say this: That if the propaganda of anarchists decreed that he should kill the President, you can't stop the deed by arresting him, for the moment he goes to jail, another man will be ordered to do the work, and still another, until the purpose is accomplished."

"Crazy fools!" ejaculated Old King Brady. "It's so silly of your gang to kill the rulers of the world. As soon as you make away with one, another is put right in his place, and you gain nothing, as the form of government is not materially changed by the succession of a new ruler. Anarchists will never change a single government."

"No," replied the woman, "but the aim of the anarchist is to put out of power a ruler who does nothing to meet our views, so that his successor may have a chance to do so."

"We won't discuss the beliefs of your vile gang," brusquely said the old detective. "Let it suffice that we want none of your imported villainies in our free and glorious America. Keep them in Europe, where they originated. The people of this country will wipe your whole accursed band of malignant vipers off the face of the earth if you continue to practice your brutal doctrines here. And what

is more to the point, my partner and I intend to devote our time to running down the Reds, and putting them in prison as fast as we can get evidence enough to convict them!"

"You are marked men, then!" exclaimed the prisoner in passionate tones of rage. "As soon as your mission becomes generally known, you can depend that sooner or later you will both fall by the knife, bomb, or bullet!"

"That's a threat!"

By a violent effort the woman recovered her composure.

She realized that the detective had cunningly angered her so as to draw her out, and make her say more than was safe or discreet, and she replied in freezing tones:

"No, no! It's no threat. I am merely telling you that if you attack the creed of a large body of men, and arouse their fury, you are apt to fall victims of their anger."

"You are sly and deep," exclaimed Old King Brady. "In fact, you are the most dangerous woman in America to-day. But smart as you are, cunning as you are, diplomatic as you are, you will find in the end that we are equal to you. We are going to lock you up now. Will you go along quietly, or must we put the bracelets on you?"

"Oh, I'll go quietly," she replied. "I am no match for you, from a physical point of view."

"Then I'll release you," said Old King Brady, and he cut the bonds that held her in the chair, and she arose.

But no sooner was she upon her feet than she sprang to the wall, and pressed an electric push button, which loudly rang a warning signal bell down stairs among the negroes.

A hard gang infested that house, and by a liberal offer of money to pay for their protection she had enlisted their aid. Harry seized Peter Iseek.

"What's she doing?" he asked, in startled tones.

The patter of footsteps in the hall reached their ears.

"She has summoned help!" exclaimed Old King Brady. A mocking laugh escaped the Anarchist Queen.

"You'll have your hands full in a moment!" she exclaimed.

As she spoke, the door went open with a crash, and a dozen negro desperadoes burst into the room, armed to the teeth.

"Help me!" shrieked the Queen, rushing toward them.

"Defend yourself, Harry!" cried Old King Brady.

The gang was rushing at them, and the detectives had no time to draw their revolvers. But they did not flinch.

When the foremost negro reached them, they doubled up their fists, and struck out right and left.

In a moment a terrific battle was raging in the bedroom.

CHAPTER III.

ARRESTING A DESPERATE GIRL.

In the midst of the fight Harry saw a burly negro rushing at him with a knife in his hand. But before the rascal had time to run the blade into the boy, he received a punch

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the face from Old King Brady that knocked him against the table and upset the lamp.

As the light went out, and deep gloom settled down, the Queen made a rush for the door, and escaped from the room.

The fight came to an abrupt end, the Bradys aching from the blows they had received.

Old King Brady grasped Harry's arm, and pulled him over to the wall.

"Draw your gun and drive them out of here!" whispered the old detective.

Harry complied, and a moment later they discharged several shots toward the gang of negroes, that caused them to yell and swear, and rush frantically toward the door.

In a few moments the room was cleared, and several of the black men went away nursing painful bullet wounds.

Harry lit a match, and the tiny flame showed him the wretched Peter Iseek crouching in a corner, shivering with fear.

The boy pounced on him, and exclaimed:

"Emma Gold has escaped."

"Confound her!" cried Old King Brady. "Come on with the prisoner. She can't be far away. Shoot the first coon who interferes with you."

They hurried from the room, Harry clinging to the prisoner.

Down stairs they hastened, and with scant ceremony and absolutely no fear, they passed into the rooms below.

Afraid of the gallant detectives, the negroes rushed from the house with no further desire to fight them.

The Anarchist Queen had disappeared.

Seeing no trace of her, the Bradys dragged their prisoner out into the street, and saw the darkies running away in all directions, but they failed to see the Queen.

Both were disgusted.

"We've lost her," said Old King Brady, reluctantly.

"As she's apt to warn the girl Bronislava," said Harry, "you had better go right back to the White House and see if you can find any trace of her there, while I lock up the prisoner."

"Very well," assented Old King Brady, "and there's a car now."

He ran after it, and jumped aboard as Harry sang out:

"I'll meet you at Willard's in an hour."

The next moment Old King Brady was speeding away.

The car carried him direct to the White House gate, and he alighted, and going in, he met Jim, the doorkeeper, and said to him:

"Is there a girl working here named Bronislava?"

"There is," replied the guard. "Her full name is Bronislava Dombrowsky."

"Will you summon her here? I wish to speak to her."

"Certainly. She is one of the chambermaids."

"Has anyone else been here to see her within the past half hour?"

"A messenger boy just brought her a note, and he must get down in the kitchen delivering it to her," said Jim.

"Thunder! The Queen has sent her a warning to escape! Where is she? Where is the girl? Take me to her at once."

Quick! It's a matter of life or death. You know who I am, don't you?"

"A Secret Service officer?"

"Yes, and that girl is a crook."

"Follow me!" cried Jim, getting excited, and in he rushed.

Old King Brady went after him.

Down to the kitchen they hurried, and found it occupied by the treacherous chambermaid and a district messenger boy.

The girl was reading a note the boy brought her, and her face grew pale and worried as the detective ran in.

She recognized Old King Brady at a glance, and was seized with a feeling of the most intense desperation.

"The detective!" she gasped.

"Yes, and I want you!" sternly cried the officer, hurrying toward her.

"You will never take me alive!" she shrieked, recoiling.

"Oh, you can't escape!" he answered testily.

"No. But I can cheat you by dying!" said the desperate girl.

And she pulled a bottle of carbolic acid from her pocket, drew out the cork, and raised the bottle to her lips.

Jim shouted at her, and Old King Brady gave a mighty leap forward.

With one blow he knocked the poison from her hand, and the bottle was shattered to fragments upon the floor.

The next moment he had her in his grip.

Not a drop of the acid had touched her lips.

"You are insane!" cried the detective.

"Let me go!" she screamed, struggling to get free.

"Not till I send you to join your lover in jail!" he answered as he got a firmer grip on her, and held her still.

The note she had been reading was crumpled up in her hand, and she made a desperate attempt to put it in her mouth, and chew it up; but he frustrated the attempt by seizing it.

"No, you won't!" he cried. "I want this!"

"May the demon take you!" she panted, glaring at him balefully.

"You're a pretty desperate character for one so young and pretty," said the detective, "and to keep you out of mischief I think I had better render you helpless, my lady!"

And so saying he turned her over on the floor, pinned her down with his knee and got his handcuffs from his pocket.

And in a twinkling he had her secured.

She lay panting, exhausted, and helpless on the floor, and he opened the crumpled paper and read the note.

It was couched in the following language:

"Bronislava: All exposed. Peter arrested. Detectives coming after you. Fly at once. Will see you at Isidor Hoffman's, in New York to-morrow night. Keep silent, and we will try to save your lover. EMMA GOLD."

A chuckle escaped Old King Brady.

Putting the note in his pocket, he said:

"So, the Queen sent you this warning, did she?"

"I won't tell you anything," said the girl in cross tones.

"You don't have to. The evidence is all before me. I'm glad Emma explained where she is going to be to-morrow night. We know where Isidor Hoffman's Fire Brand Hall is, in Delancey street, and you can depend that we'll be there to pick the lady up, too."

A sullen scowl from the girl was the only answer he got, and he pulled her upon her feet, and said:

"Come on, Bronislava, I'm going to run you in."

She saw that further resistance was useless, and walked away with him, followed by Jim, the doorman.

When they reached the upper vestibule, the door opened and the President came in, with his silk hat on.

He had been out for a drive.

At one glance he saw that one of his servants was a prisoner in the detective's hands, and he gave a slight start, his face changed expression, and he asked in quick, nervous tones:

"What does this mean, Mr. Brady?"

As the doorkeeper had discreetly gone outside, the old detective rapidly explained to the President what had occurred.

A grave expression settled upon the face of the Chief Executive, and after a moment's thought, he exclaimed:

"You have done well—very well, indeed. It remains for you to capture the Gold woman and Czolgosz, to put an end to their dastardly plot. The pair you have arrested are mere tools in the hands of the others."

"We intend to do so at the earliest opportunity, sir."

The President bowed, and passed on into the White House, and Old King Brady went out with his prisoner, and locked her up.

As the Chief of the Secret Service had told the Bradys that there were no organized gangs of anarchists in Washington, the two detectives concluded that Peter and Bronislava were mere agents of the gang, who had been sent there to watch the President.

Old King Brady hastened to the railroad depot, after he had locked up the girl, and by dint of inquiry he developed the fact that a woman of Emma Gold's description had purchased a ticket for New York, and departed an hour previously.

The detective telegraphed ahead to the authorities in New York to keep watch for her on the indicated train, and then went to Willard's Hotel, where he met his partner.

After an exchange of stories, they retired for the night.

On the following morning they proceeded to Secret Service headquarters, and had a conversation with the Chief, in which they detailed all that transpired.

Inquiries were then made in the Treasury Department about Peter Iseek, and they found he was employed there in a capacity which required no particular recommendation.

Having left the prosecution of the two anarchists in the hands of the Chief, the Bradys went to New York.

There they learned that the police had watched for Emma Gold to alight from the cars, but failed to see her.

Further inquiry developed the fact that she had ridden as far as Philadelphia on that train, and there vanished.

"With her usual foresight," said Old King Brady in disgust, "she apprehended that we would try to head her off and wisely baffled us by leaving the cars before she reached her destination. She's a sharp, shrewd woman, Harry!"

CHAPTER IV.

AMONG THE ANARCHISTS.

When the gloom of night had fallen upon New York the Bradys made their way to Isidor Hoffman's Hall in Delancey street.

As this was the rendezvous in which the Anarchist Queen had appointed to meet Bronislava Dombrowsky, the officers expected to find the Gold woman there.

In order to conceal their identity, the Bradys assumed disguises in keeping with the surroundings they expected to be in.

Shabbily clad, with wigs on their heads, and whiskers on their faces, the Bradys kept their hat brims pulled down over their eyes, and looked like a couple of Russian laborers.

Fire Brand Hall was located in a densely populated district, in which many of the leading spirits of anarchy held forth.

There was a beer saloon on the ground floor, and when the detectives went in, they found the place crowded with Germans, Poles, Jews and Russians, all of whom were discussing a meeting which was to take place that night in the rooms upstairs.

Mingling with the crowd, most of whom were equally as shabby and wild-whiskered as themselves, the Bradys kept their eyes and ears open, and soon discovered what all the talk was about.

Most of the foreigners were jabbering in their native languages, none of which the detectives understood. But they soon gleaned enough to tell them that there was to be an anarchistic meeting, and that the principal speakers were to be Emma Gold and John Post, the editor of a rabid newspaper, called "Dei Freiheit."

In a few moments the Bradys located the latter individual.

He was leaning against a shuffleboard—a heavily built man, with a dark beard, which scarcely concealed a tumor on his left cheek.

The man to whom he was speaking was a slight-built fellow, of thirty, with light hair and blue eyes.

He was clad in a neat, dark sack suit, and wore a derby hat.

As the detectives drew near, and keenly sized him up, they observed that he had an habitually sullen expression about the eyes.

"You say you once met Emma in Cleveland, Ohio, where you formerly lived, Leon," Herr Post was saying as the officers drew near.

The Bradys paused suddenly, upon hearing the name "Leon" addressed to the young man, and glanced at him

cently, for it flashed across their minds that he might be the Leon Czolgosz who Samuel Nowak said in his letter was going to assassinate the President.

"Yes, I met Miss Gold there," assented the young man. "I always admired her writings and teachings, and would feel honored to meet her again."

"Then you shall have the opportunity to-night," said the editor, "for, as you know, she is to deliver an address here."

A smile of pleasure lighted up the sullen face of the youngman, and seeing the two detectives he nudged his companion, and they at once began conversing in Polish.

The Bradys felt nettled, for they did not understand a word they uttered, and moved away to another part of the room.

When sure no one would hear them, Harry asked his partner:

"Can that young fellow be Leon Czolgosz?"

"I imagine he is," replied Old King Brady.

"How can we find out?"

"By raiding the meeting, and scooping him in with the rest."

"One of us must go to the nearest police station and get word of policemen. Anarchist meetings are against the law, you know."

"I'll attend to that, and I'll join you here when I come back."

"Should you find the saloon deserted, you'll know that the gang are upstairs in the hall. I had better get into the hall ahead of them, and conceal myself there, to open the door for you and the police when you arrive. They are sure to keep the door locked, you know. It will be very difficult to get in without assistance."

"You are undertaking a difficult task, Harry."

"It's a very hazardous job, too," answered the boy, "for if they were to discover me, they'd tear me to pieces. But I'm not the least bit alarmed over the prospect, and intend to carry out the plan."

"Very well. Are you armed?"

"I've got a revolver."

"Then I'll go and trust to your good sense not to get yourself in trouble."

Harry nodded and smiled, and Old King Brady left him. The boy glanced at a clock on the wall. Its hands pointed to the hour of seven.

As it was not likely that the meeting would be called to order until eight o'clock, the boy strolled around the room and listened to the conversation going on, wherever the speakers used the English language.

It was surprising how much the boy learned about the anarchists in that brief space of time.

In the first place he found that they were opposed to law and society, as it is now carried on in this country.

The boy learned that the anarchist group is not composed of a large number of members. As a safeguard to secrecy of their movements, each group is composed of no more than seven members.

In every city where there is a colony of them there are

many of these small groups, while the main governing body is in Europe.

The foreign leaders come here several times a year, as serious matters are not trusted to the mails, but are brought verbally.

Harry learned that when a member is selected to commit an assassination, he is put through all kinds of tests to prove his nerve.

If he breaks down, another man is selected from a different group, and so on through various groups, until the right man is found.

The anarchists do not want a man who is liable to confess, and involve his associates after a murder is committed.

In order to make secrecy more certain, only the anarchists in the group from which an assassin is selected know which man it is. By this plan the danger of exposure, interference and arrest is minimized. When a man has been appointed for the task, collections are taken up from all the groups in the country, and the assassin is thus supplied with plenty of money to carry out his diabolical plan, and pay his expenses.

These discoveries gave Harry food for reflection.

"As Czolgosz was selected to kill the President," thought the boy, "nobody except the group he belongs to knows who he is. Consequently, as Nowak knew that he had been selected, the group he came from has its existence in Buffalo. We must, therefore, look for Czolgosz there, as that's where Nowak belongs. Even if the fellow talking to Herr Post is the assassin, no one here knows it for a certainty, unless some of his friends are here from the lodge he belongs to in that city. But where was the plot hatched originally? Let me see."

He pondered a few moments, and then muttered:

"Perhaps in Paterson, N. J. Chief Dilkie told us that an official report was made to him on September 20, 1898, by William P. Hazel, who was then Chief of the New York Bureau of the Secret Service. Hazel stated that at a meeting of an anarchist group, held in Bartholdi Hall, in Paterson, it was decided to assassinate King Humbert, of Italy. Bresci was ordered to do the job, and he did it well. Who knows but what our President's fate was decided in the same place? Chief Dilkie informed me that he got word recently that a dangerous anarchist, named Natal Moresca, fled from Italy, and came here. The American Consul informed the State Department, which in turn put the matter in Dilkie's hands. The emigration authorities at Ellis Island were notified to hold him. But as they had no evidence against the man except the word of the Italian authorities in Rome, they finally had to let him land, because proof was lacking of the charges against him. Now, in view of what I learned about leaders coming here from Europe to work out their dastardly plots, it's probable that Moresca was the man who laid the plan to kill our President. If he did, Emma Gold knows it, for she's the Queen of the gang in this country. Consequently, she must know all about Czolgosz and the plot he has in view."

Having come to this conclusion, and feeling that he had

better prepare for the raid, Harry quietly found out all about the hall, and made his way into a dark corridor, and ascended a flight of stairs.

The doors of the hall were open, and showed him a large room, filled with benches, having a platform at one end for the speakers.

The lights were turned low, and not a soul was in the place.

Looking in, Harry failed to see a place in which he could conceal himself, until his glance fell upon the platform.

"Is I crept under that thing," he muttered, "I have to emerge before the entire roomful of Reds, and I'd arouse their suspicions. I will take a look at it, however, and satisfy myself fully."

He passed into the spacious hall.

Going over to the platform, and peering underneath, the boy caught view of the gas meter hidden away there.

As an idea flashed across his mind that he could turn out the gas to conceal his movements when he emerged from under the platform, he decided to risk it.

In fact, he had to decide that way, for he heard the heavy footfalls of some men coming up the stairs, out in the hall.

To conceal himself as quickly as possible, the boy went down on his hands and knees, and disappeared under the boards just as several of the anarchists came up into the room to raise the lights with a long pole provided for that purpose.

A quarter of an hour later the whole gang came clattering upstairs, and filing into the hall, they took their seats.

CHAPTER V.

RAIDING THE REDS.

Half an hour passed by, during which Harry became aware that the hall was packed with people, and several speakers were on the platform over his head, among whom were Emma Gold and Herr Post.

The Anarchist Queen was the first to address the audience, and her appearance elicited a heavy round of applause.

She was called the "Little Firebrand" by her enthusiastic admirers, and Hoffman had named his hall in her honor.

The woman could speak several languages, and certainly was very intelligent. But the misfortune was that her talent ran in the wrong direction, for her doctrines made an infidel of her.

She made a ringing speech.

It was very fiery, and convincing, and it set the law at defiance; it condemned all religion, and it scoffed at society.

Rulers of countries were cursed, and she called upon her audience to put an end to their despotism with fire, sword and dynamite.

Just as she got her audience worked up to a feverish pitch of excitement, there came a bang at the door, interrupting her.

She paused, and Harry heard Old King Brady in the hall yell:

"Open this door and let us in!"

There was a decided silence in the hall for a moment.

Then the Anarchist Queen demanded of the doorkeeper:

"Who is that?"

"A platoon of policemen," gasped the man in trembling tones.

"It's a raid, eh?" queried the woman coolly.

"Yes, and we are caught like rats in a trap!"

"Don't open the door, then!"

The audience had risen, pallid with cowardly fear. A panic suddenly overwhelmed them, and they began to yell, curse and rave.

In a moment the room was in an uproar.

Every one of the men were frightened and excited, and Emma Gold rapped for order in vain with her gavel.

When the excitement was at its height Old King Brady roared:

"If you don't open this door instantly, we'll smash it down!"

A cold sweat burst out all over the anarchists, some shivered with dread, and not a few began to weep outright.

It was the worst exhibition of cowardice ever seen. Only a few moments previously, when there was no danger expected, the anarchists were bragging about overthrowing kingdoms, empires and republics.

From his covert Harry saw the whole scene.

It made his lip curl with scorn, and his eyes gleamed with contempt.

"Pitiful dogs!" he thought. "It's time for me to act!"

He turned around and seized the key of the gas meter, gave it a turn, and in an instant the lights went out, leaving the hall in gloom.

A chorus of frightened yells arose from the anarchists.

They were frantic now, and feared the worst.

Out from his hiding place crept Harry, but just as he was emerging some one lit a match, and the Queen saw him.

"A spy!" she screamed, pointing at the boy. "Seize him!"

Savage oaths greeted her remark.

The boy saw that he was in a desperate plight.

In order to escape he had to run the gauntlet of going through the aisle toward the closed door.

But he did not hesitate.

Plunging straight at the man with the match, he struck it from the fellow's hand, and gloom fell again.

The boy heard approaching footsteps, and realized that some of the gang were coming toward him.

He darted aside, passed around them and ran along the aisle.

Unfortunately for him, many of the Reds had drawn matches from their pockets, and lit them, whereupon he was plainly seen.

Hands were outstretched to seize him, but he dexterously slipped through their fingers. Blows were aimed at him, and although many landed with painful force upon his head and body, he did not pause.

Once a gleaming knife was thrust at him from the left, and he barely had time to leap aside to avoid it and save his life.

The panting boy reached the door.

A furious shower of blows was being rained on it from the outside, and the doorkeeper was waiting for him with a club.

But the daring boy rushed straight up to him, and dealt him a stunning blow on the jaw that knocked him down.

Leaping over the man's body, Harry reached the door, turned the key, shot back the bolt, flung open the door and shouted:

"Come on, boys!"

There were twenty-five policemen, headed by Old King Brady, out in the hall, and the veteran shouted at his men: "He is my partner. Don't injure him!"

"We are ready, Mr. Brady," said a police sergeant.

"Follow me in."

With a whoop they dashed through the door with lanterns and clubs held in readiness for use, and met a sudden attack.

The frenzied anarchists made a rush to get out.

Met by a force of clubs, they were beaten back, howling with pain, cursing their foes, and wild with alarm.

A second sortie was made a moment later, and while the foremost men were engaging the officers, some of the others escaped.

A furious fight now began.

The police sought to make them desist in their struggles and give in.

But the gang were too scared.

Like wild beasts, they fought to get out, for every man there fancied that his last hour had come.

A violent uproar ensued.

Repeated clubbing had no effect, and only a display of revolvers and a threat to shoot them down like dogs subdued the gang.

They finally surrendered.

A difficult task now confronted the officers.

It was to place the crowd under arrest.

Old King Brady solved the problem by sending several officers after a number of patrol wagons, and when they arrived, the detectives only let out enough of the crowd to fill each wagon.

They were thus carted away to the police stations by the wagon load.

News of the raid spread like wildfire around the neighborhood, and within a short time an enormous crowd blocked the street, and hissed the anarchists as they were led out in batches and carried away.

The Bradys stationed themselves at the door and closely scrutinized the people as they emerged from the hall.

They were looking for Emma Gold, Herr Post and the pale young man, whom Harry suspected of being Leon Czolgosz.

But up to the time the last anarchist was taken from the room nothing was seen of the people they were looking for.

"That's peculiar!" said Harry in puzzled tones. "Where are the ringleaders of this aggregation of bomb slingers?"

"None were among those who first escaped, I'm sure," said Old King Brady, "for I carefully scanned everyone of them."

"But there is no one left in the hall."

"They may have remained behind in hiding."

"We can go in and see."

"There's no other exit, except this door and the windows. As the latter are a story above the street they could not jump out that way."

"Perhaps there's a fire escape at the front, by means of which they could go down to the sidewalk," suggested Harry.

"I never thought of that. Light your lantern, and we'll find out."

Harry did as he was requested, and they went inside.

The hall was deserted.

Nobody was hiding under the platform, either.

When they examined the windows, however, one of them was found to be wide open, and a fire escape platform was seen outside.

Harry's theory was shown to have been correct.

"It's a bitter disappointment to me," growled Old King Brady. "I don't care a rap about the gang we pulled in. All I wanted were those three. But they've given up the slip very neatly."

"How many prisoners were carted away?"

"Over fifty."

"That's a good job."

"Yes, but how are we to find the others?"

"Post has got a publication office down in Gold street. By going there we may compel him to tell us where to find the Queen."

"That's our only hope, Harry."

The detectives were about to leave the room, when Isidor Hoffman, the proprietor of the place, appeared in the doorway, half crazed with rage.

He held an iron bomb, loaded with dynamite, in his hand.

Shaking his fist at the detectives, he yelled furiously:

"I owe all this trouble to you two men. But I'll have my revenge. The police are gone. You are alone here, and at my mercy. Prepare to die."

"You are crazy!" exclaimed Old King Brady.

"If I am, you have turned my brain!"

"Clear out of here, or we'll arrest you, too."

"No, you won't. Take that for your accursed interference!"

He hurled the dynamite bomb at them with savage ferocity.

It struck the floor near the Bradys, and burst with a terrific report.

The floor was torn up, and sent flying in all directions, a cloud of smoke and dust filled the air, and with stifled cries the detectives were knocked down and hidden from view in the wreckage.

With a cry of exultation, Hoffman fled.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRIP TO BUFFALO.

The explosion of the dynamite bomb shook the Delancey street building to its foundations, and brought a crowd to the scene.

Isidor Hoffman had gone stark raving mad, and was caught rushing from Fire Brand Hall, muttering, yelling and waving his arms.

Everybody in the neighborhood knew the place was a nest of anarchists, more especially after the raid.

Dreading a fatality, some policemen ran in.

They soon reached the hall, and observed the destruction brought about by the explosion of the bomb.

Hearing groans, they found the Bradys lying among the wreckage, both unconscious, cut and bleeding.

Old King Brady's clothing was torn to tatters.

An ambulance was hastily summoned, and the detectives were carried to the hospital, alive, but badly shocked.

There they remained over a week.

At the end of that time their injuries had healed to such an extent that they were discharged as cured, and went home.

In the privacy of their apartments, they sat with serious looks upon their faces, and Harry said to his partner:

"As Emma Gold told us, we are marked men, Old King Brady."

"Hoffman showed that plainly enough," answered the old detective solemnly. "The woman has doubtless notified all the anarchists all over the country that we are after them, and they will probably try to kill us wherever we go."

"A fine prospect," commented the boy, dryly.

"We will have to keep on our guard all the time."

"Have you decided upon our future movements?"

"We must go to Buffalo and see Nowak. He is the anarchist who warned the President of his danger, and thereby has very likely aroused the animosity of the gang."

"They may kill that man for treason."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they tried to."

"Czolgosz belongs to the same group of which Nowak was a member," said the boy thoughtfully, "and we may find the young Pole somewhere in the Bison City."

"He wouldn't be likely to remain there."

"Why not?" asked Harry curiously.

"If he was appointed to kill the President, and the plot was completed, he would probably set out to fulfill the design."

"We are working in the dark then."

"How so, Harry?"

"Because we don't know when he is going to strike."

"That's the misfortune of fighting an assassin. One can never tell when, where, or how the blow is coming."

"Czolgosz may not follow a regular plan," said the boy. "He may wander about for an indefinite length of time, waiting for a favorable opportunity to do his murderous work."

"Of course. But the President, fortunately, is always attended by a guard of detectives. If the assassin hits him ere we can arrest him, the President's bodyguard must look out for him. As the Chief Executive knows that his life is threatened, he will probably notify his guards, and they will redouble their observation of everyone who approaches him."

Harry nodded acquiescence with this idea.

After a little he said, reflectively:

"It's unfortunate, but it's a fact, that the idea of a guard of that kind is known to be extremely distasteful to the President. It galls him to think that he must be guarded in such a country as this. Moreover, as he is for the people in every way possible, it annoys him to think that any of them should wish to injure him in any way."

"The lives of all rulers are in constant jeopardy from cranks and lunatics," said Old King Brady. "The best of them are unsafe half the time. There is always a dissenter from their views to be found somewhere. However, we are merely moralizing. Let us go to Buffalo, to Cleveland, and to Paterson. We can see Nowak in the first city, we can find out something about the family of Czolgosz in the second city, and we may find in the latter that Moresca, that Italian anarchist, was the party who formulated the plan to kill the President."

"As we are so well known," added Harry, "it won't be safe for us to go there unless we are disguised."

"Very well. We have ample means to hide our identity."

They looked over their stock of disguises, and finally upon several which were apt to suit their plans.

On the following morning they boarded a train of the Erie road, and made their way to Buffalo.

The Pan-American Exposition was in full swing there and had attracted thousands of people from all over the world, so that the city was crowded.

On the day after their arrival, the Bradys proceeded to the police headquarters, and had a private conversation with the Chief of Police Bull.

He was well acquainted with them.

"Anarchists?" said he. "Yes, we have some few here. But they are not troublesome. Rarely ever give us any trouble. They hold secret sessions—sometimes in public halls, at other times in each other's houses, and they rave and go on for each other's edification. But, really, they do no harm at all."

"You are gravely mistaken on that score."

"How am I?"

"Simply because the edict has gone forth that the President is to be murdered, and the assassin has been selected from the very anarchists of this city whom you consider so harmless!"

The Chief sprang out of his chair.

He was electrified by the detective's declaration.

"What!" he gasped in astonishment. "What! An assassin has been selected from one of the anarchists of this city?"

"Exactly so," assented Old King Brady in grave tones.

"It can't be possible."

"We have undeniable proof of it, sir."

"Mercy! Is that so? Why—how did you get your information?"

"From the President himself."

"Do you know who the rascal is?"

"Leon Czolgosz."

"Never heard of him."

"Isn't he a resident of Buffalo?"

The Chief consulted a directory.

When he finished, he shook his head and said:

"No. I think not. His name isn't here."

"Do you know any of the anarchists by name?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Chief, glancing in a memorandum book. "I have a partial list here. For instance, Samuel Nowak——"

"He's the very man we want."

"Indeed? He's a saloonkeeper?"

"We want to interview him. Send a guide with us to his place."

"Certainly I shall. Want a warrant?"

"It may be necessary."

"Then I'll get you one."

He rang a bell, and the doorman answered it.

"Get a bench warrant for John Doe," said the Chief.

"All right, sir," answered the doorman, hurrying away.

The Chief then summoned a policeman, and said to him:

"McCue, I want you to guide these men to Nowak's saloon."

The officer saluted, and went to get his helmet.

"He will show you the place," said the Chief, "and if you want any further assistance, don't hesitate to call on me."

They thanked him, and went off with the policeman.

The detectives were disguised as a couple of countrymen from the West, Harry in a homespun, ill-fitting suit, and no collar, and a straw-colored wig. He carried a carpet bag, and wore a vacant, foolish look upon his face.

Old King Brady was a more elderly hayseed, with chin whiskers and long, dusty hair, an old-fashioned high hat, spurs in his boot legs, and in his hand was a big umbrella.

The policeman pointed out Nowak's saloon, which appeared to be a dingy little second-rate place.

Old King Brady then dismissed the officer.

The detectives strolled into the saloon, stared around at the scowling faces of the loafers in the place, and went to the bar.

"Hello thar, pardner," drawled the old detective to Nowak. "Haow be yer? Me an' my boy, yere, jest come y taown from Ohio, an' I guess we'll whet our whistles, if you doan't mind."

"What'll you have, gents?" queried Nowak, with a grin.

"Hard cider, by gosh," said Harry emphatically.

"Me, tew," added Old King Brady recklessly. "We air le ole sports, we air, an' don't yew fergit it, neither."

"Good gracious," said the anarchist in amused tones. "I hope you gents ain't going to get loaded?"

"Daon't keer if we dew," burst from Harry's lips. "We've e tew town tew see ther exposition, an', by gol, we'll e a time here if it costs a dollar an' a half."

"Then you are on a spending expedition, eh?" asked Nowak.

"Daon't say a word," confidentially said the old detective, as he slyly exhibited a big roll of bills. "I've got tew thousand here tew spend."

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT NOWAK SAID.

Old King Brady exhibited that money for the benefit of the gang of heelers in the saloon, to arouse their cupidity.

It was his object to test them eventually, and find out if they really were anarchists, or merely had no reputation whatever.

Should they prove to be the men he was after, he figured that it would not be long ere they would betray the fact.

A general laugh from the crowd greeted the quaint speech of the detectives, and the gang at once concluded they could have some fun with the supposed countrymen.

One of them, therefore, came over to them, slapped Old King Brady familiarly upon the back, and said boisterously:

"Say, oldt veller, don't you vas going to dreat us?"

Old King Brady sized the evil-faced German up, drew back a few paces, and replied quickly:

"None of that! None of that. I know yeou, my boy. Yeou can't play no come-on con games on us, yeou can't. We mebbe purty green lookin', but, by gum, we are mighty fly cusses, we are. Thar hain't no bunco steerer in this old taown what kin git ther best on us, is they, Hiram?"

"Oh, I calkerlate not," said Harry, with an idiotic grin. "We've heerd tell enough abaout them critters, tew hum, an' we're perpared fer ther goldbrick men an' sich like, every time, yeou bet."

"I ain't a grook," said the anarchist in injured tones, as he winked at his companions. "I vas der most peaceble feller vot you effer seen, alretty. Anypody can see dot yeu vas yust as nice as anyding. If any grooks wanted ter got der vest of yer, he vould haf ter be puddy smart, foo, yet."

"Naow, yeou be talkin'," replied the old detective. "Me an' my boy ain't no spring chickens wot lets them sharpers take 'em in, we ain't, cause we knaow all abaout their tricks, we dew, an' we air right ready for them, by jiminey."

"Fer sure yer vas," agreed the anarchist, soothingly.

"No humbug in this air place is smart enough tew git the best of us, I kin tell you. If yeou an' yeour friends there won't drink nuthin' but beer, I'm blowed if I won't stan' treat fer the hull crowd."

The words had scarcely left his lips, when the whole crowd was at the bar, and every one called for beer, with which they were supplied.

Old King Brady paid for the drinks, and sang out:

"Ain't I a purty generous ole cuss, fellers?"

"Sure, yer are," said one of them. "I visht you vas vun of us."

"Haow dew yeou mean?" quickly asked the detective.

"An anarchist."

"Be yeou one of them things?"

"For sure. How would yer like to choin us?"

"What be anarchists for?"

"Vell," said the man, with a wink at his friends, "anarchists haf to dreat deir friends to beer yust so long as dey vas got money."

And he poked Old King Brady in the ribs with his thumb, leered at him, and jokingly pulled his whiskers.

To his astonishment the detective's beard came off.

A startled exclamation escaped Old King Brady.

In an instant the whole gang saw what happened, and the grins of amusement left their faces, frowns gathered on their brows, and one of them shouted angrily:

"They're fly cops!"

The detectives realized that they were exposed.

Turning to Nowak, the old detective said:

"Yes—we may as well admit it—we are detectives."

"What do you want here?" demanded Nowak.

"You ought to know," significantly answered Old King Brady. "If you don't, we will tell you—privately. Are these men friends of yours?"

"They are—everyone of them."

"If they were honest men they would not look upon us as enemies," said Old King Brady pointedly.

"Who says they do?"

"Their faces betray them."

"Well" said Nowak, "you ought not to blame them for disliking the police, for they have hounded my friends all the time, and don't give them much peace."

"Because they are anarchists?"

"Yes. Is that a crime?"

"It's something to be ashamed of."

"We don't think so."

"That's a matter of opinion. So long as you and your friends do nothing illegal, I suppose you are entitled to your own beliefs. But the trouble is that anarchy makes you people commit crimes which compel us to crush you."

"Are you here to arrest my friends?"

"No."

"Let me prove it by dismissing them?"

"Certainly."

Nowak turned to the crowd, and said something in Polish, and they all filed out of the saloon, into the street. When they were gone, Nowak demanded:

"What brings you here?"

"The President got a warning letter from you."

Nowak gave a start, glanced around nervously, and gasped:

"Hush! Not so loud. Some one may hear you."

"You admit it, don't you?"

"I do. I wrote him such a letter."

"Why did you do it? Why did you go back on your pals?"

Nowak shrugged his shoulders.

"I had my reasons," said he.

"Name them."

"Why should I?"

"Because the President wants to know."

"Then you are his agents?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

"You said Leon Czolgosz was to kill him."

"So I did. I hate Czolgosz. That's why I gave him away."

"What caused your dislike of him?"

"Oh, we once had a fight, and he gave me a beating."

"Then revenge was at the bottom of it?"

"You are right."

"To avenge yourself, you run the risk of losing your life?"

"Certainly. If my comrades find me out they will kill me. In my letter to the President, I enjoined him not to expose me."

"He has not done so."

"I hope he won't."

"Where can we find Czolgosz?"

"He is in Buffalo now."

"Whereabouts?"

"I don't know."

"When is he to strike at the President?"

"That I don't know, either."

"Nor where the attempt is to be made?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"How is that?"

"Because, when a man is appointed to do a job, we never stipulate anything. He is permitted to do his work in any way he sees fit. We can't restrain him. He must act according to circumstances."

"I see. Then he isn't here?"

"I harbored him one night, but he went away and I have not seen him since. I heard, though, that he is going to Cleveland. That's where his people live, in Fleet street."

"Do you know when he is going?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any idea where we might find him?"

"None, whatever."

"Has Emma Gold been here?"

"Yes. A few days ago."

"What has become of her?"

"She is traveling for a commercial house in New York and she is on a business trip that carries her from city to city."

"Did she meet Czolgosz?"

"Once, in this place."

"Do you know what passed between them?"

"No. They spoke in whispers."

Old King Brady reflected.

He saw that the man was telling the truth.

"We must find Czolgosz," said he finally.

"Say," said Nowak, uneasily, "if anything serious comes of this affair, am I going to get in trouble?"

"No," replied the old detective. "Although we can't forgive you for being an anarchist, we ain't going to hold you

responsible for what others do with which you do not agree."

"One of my objects in giving away the assassin was to secure immunity from arrest. I hope you will appreciate what I have done, and that you will not cause me any trouble."

"You can rely upon your safety."

Nowak looked relieved.

He feared he had got himself into trouble with the authorities, but now saw that his alarm was groundless.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORKING A DECOY LETTER.

The Bradys were upon the point of leaving Nowak's place when a boy came in, and handed him a message which seemed to agitate him.

"You seem to be in trouble?" said Harry.

"This note is from Emma Gold," replied the saloon-keeper.

"Indeed. Is she in the city?"

"Yes. She accuses me of betraying my comrades."

"By Jove," muttered Old King Brady, "now I recollect while in Washington I did mention to her that you gave Ozolgosz away. But Peter Iseek and Bronislava Dombrowsky learned it, and would have told her if I hadn't."

Nowak uttered a deep groan, and turned as pale as death. Tottering back against the wall, he trembled like a leaf, gasped for breath, and finally muttered:

"I'm a dead man."

"Why are you?" demanded Old King Brady.

"Emma will give me away to the anarchists, and one of them will assassinate me for telling on them."

"You are in great danger."

"I am, indeed. Now I'm sorry I wrote that letter to the President. It is going to cost my life."

"Cheer up. You may exaggerate the danger."

"No, I don't. I know them better than you do. They are spiteful, and won't rest easy till they kill me."

As Nowak made this despairing declaration, several men hurriedly entered from the street, and glanced around.

The Bradys thought they were customers.

But a cry of alarm from the saloonkeeper showed them that he knew them, and was afraid of them.

The newcomers were a ruffianly looking gang, and one of them said something in Russian to the saloonkeeper, and a behind the bar.

"Help!" cried Nowak in tones of alarm.

"What's the matter?" asked Harry.

"They are going to kill me!"

As he spoke, the foremost man caught him by the throat, pinned him up against the wall with one hand and raised a knife to stab him.

Quick as a flash Harry drew a pistol.

Aiming at Nowak's assailant, he fired a shot.

The ball struck the man's upraised arm, the knife fell from his hand to the floor, and the villain gave a yell.

Nowak struck him in the face.

The would-be murderer was knocked down.

Seeing that their attempt upon Nowak's life was going to be defeated unless they adopted drastic measures, the whole gang made a rush for the Bradys.

By this time the old detective had drawn his revolver, too, and the detectives turned their weapons on the anarchists.

"Halt!" cried Old King Brady sternly.

The strangers came to an abrupt pause.

"Don't fire!" cried one of them.

"I'll kill the first man who stirs!"

"No—no! Don't shoot, boss. We won't do anything."

"Drop on your knees!"

There were four men in the party, and they all obeyed him, for it was quite evident that he would shoot them if they didn't.

Down they went in a row.

"Up with your hands, now!" ordered the old detective.

Eight arms shot up in the air.

They all had a subdued and frightened air now, and the old sleuth turned to Harry, and said:

"Disarm them."

When the young detective got at the men, he brought to light two formidable-looking daggers, a slung shot, and a pistol.

"What were you going to do with these things?" he demanded.

No one answered, for they did not wish to criminate themselves.

In the meantime Nowak had fallen upon the man who attacked him, and was giving him a terrible beating.

The yells of the wounded anarchist were heard in the street by a passing policeman, and he rapped his club on the sidewalk for assistance, and ran into the saloon.

A crowd began to gather.

Everyone around there knew that the saloon was a meeting place of the Reds, and thought that a sanguinary fight was going on inside among them.

"Hello, there!" cried the astonished bluecoat, when he saw the Bradys holding up the four anarchists with their revolvers. "Don't fire at those men."

He was a plucky policeman.

Thinking wholesale murder was about to be committed, he got a grip on his club, and fearlessly rushed at the Bradys, intending to fight them single-handed and rescue the four kneeling men.

He, of course, did not know that the two seeming countrymen were Secret Service detectives.

As fights were of common occurrence in that saloon, he believed that this was one of the usual brawls which had assumed a desperate phase.

Seeing the policeman's mistake, Old King Brady faced him and cried warningly:

"We are detectives arresting these men."

"Oh!" said the policeman, pausing suddenly. "I see."

"They are anarchists, and came in to murder Nowak."

"Going to arrest them?"

"Yes. Summon a wagon."

Just then several more policemen rushed in, to whom the first officer explained matters, and while one of them went to summon a patrol wagon, the others drove the crowd away.

The wagon soon arrived.

Bundling in the prisoners, the policemen drove them away, and Nowak left his saloon in care of a bartender, and went with the Bradys to prefer a charge against his assailants.

When the detectives left the police station Harry laughed quietly, and said to his partner:

"By Jove, we are making a record for ourselves at running down the Reds. Our first raid netted us over fifty anarchists in New York, and our second raid has sent five Buffalo Reds to jail."

"As our names will be reported in the newspapers in connection with this case," replied Old King Brady, "and Emma Gold is bound to read it, or hear of it, she will begin to think that we are keeping our resolve to smash up the anarchist ring. It will make her all the more bitter against us, and I have no doubt that she will exert every means to get her gang to put us out of the way as soon as possible."

"She wouldn't do a thing if I could get my hands on her," said Young King Brady in grim tones.

"How can we find out where she is located?"

"She's a woman of affairs," said Harry, "and must get many letters. As she doesn't seem to have a fixed abode, she must get much of her mail from the general delivery of the postoffice. Why not write a decoy letter, and pipe off the delivery clerk's window?"

"That isn't a bad suggestion. We will try the plan."

Going to the hotel at which they were stopping a brief letter was written to the Anarchist Queen, the envelope was marked for identification and they mailed it.

Then they had a conference with the postmaster and the clerk of the general delivery, and explained their plan.

One or the other of them was to shadow the window in the postoffice, and when anyone came for Emma Gold's mail the clerk was to give the watcher a secret signal.

This plan was put into practice at once.

Disguised as a stylishly clad young woman Harry lurked in the postoffice corridor watching the window.

For several days and nights he persistently kept up his weary watch, with no sign of the person he wanted appearing.

The decoy letter was duly advertised on Saturday morning.

In the evening the boy stood near the window, carefully scanning the various applicants for mail.

Just as the clock struck seven he caught view of a familiar figure approaching the window.

He was the slender young fellow with light brown hair and blue eyes, whom they had seen in Fire Brand Hall talking to Herr Post just before the anarchists' meeting was opened.

"The fellow called 'Leon' by the anarchist editor," thought Harry, a thrill of delight passing through him.

The young man went to the window, and spoke to the clerk, who thereupon handed him the decoy letter.

As the young man turned away from the window Harry saw the delivery clerk wave his handkerchief.

It was the long-looked for signal at last.

And it told Harry that the young man had the decoy letter, addressed to the Anarchist Queen!

CHAPTER IX.

THE PRESIDENT'S ASSASSIN.

Old King Brady was loitering outside the postoffice the time Harry got the secret signal, and when the boy glided from the building after the suspected man, he waved his hand to his partner.

Understanding what it meant, the veteran followed after his pupil, and saw who the suspect was.

The man with the letter made his way toward one of the railroad depots, and passed into the waiting room.

Very few people were in the place, and after a casual glance around, he sat down on a bench with a high back which stood against a similar bench in the middle of the room.

Without being particularly noticed, Harry got around the bench behind Leon, and quietly took a seat there.

Old King Brady remained in the street outside the waiting room door, through the glass in which he saw what his partner did.

Presently a woman, clad in black, with a heavy veil over her face, entered from the train shed, and approached Leon. Harry caught view of her.

Instinctively the boy suspected she was Emma Gold. Nor was he wrong, for as she drew near the young man Harry heard her say, in low, pleasant tones:

"Did I keep you waiting long?"

"No, Emma," replied the young man. "I've got the letter."

"Thank you. I did not join you at once, as I wanted to keep watch and see if you had been followed."

"Did you detect anyone?"

"No. Not a soul."

"What is the letter?"

The woman opened and read it.

"Oh, it's merely a note from an enthusiast, who heard my lecture, and is praising up what I said."

"Nothing of importance, then?"

"Oh, no. I often get such letters."

"Are you going right to Chicago, to-night?"

"I am. I've got two lectures to deliver there next week."

"That Nowak affair was a misfortune, wasn't it?"

"Yes, indeed. He's a traitor, and as you know, sent a letter to the President, stating that an attempt was to be made on his life."

"Why did he go back on his friends?"

"From fear of being implicated when the job is done."

"Coward!"

"You may well say so."

"Such wretches as he is spoil our cause."

"There are mean men in all organizations."

"It is to be regretted. The men you sent to see him will finish him."

"Well, you have got all your work mapped out."

"Every detail."

"Even how, when, and where the blow will be struck?"

"Yes, Emma. I have prepared for everything."

"Good! I'm glad to hear it."

"There is only one misfortune about my plan."

"And what is that, Leon?"

"I will not escape."

"What!"

"To get away will be impossible."

"Do you mean to tell me you expect to perish for your deed?"

"Certainly I do. If it comes to the worst, I may shoot myself."

"Foolish boy! Your plan then must be a bad one."

"Only in that respect."

"You must alter it, and so arrange that you will be able to get away with your own life. Don't make a martyr of yourself. It is not necessary. There are a thousand ways in which you can accomplish your purpose, and at the same time save yourself."

"Should a favorable chance present itself to follow your good advice, I will gladly avail myself of it," earnestly said the young man. "But if it doesn't, I shall have to carry out my original plan, no matter what the cost may be. I will never again have such a magnificent opportunity, and I don't intend to lose it."

"You must do nothing rash."

"I am going to do the best I can. If I succeed, the world will surely uphold me for getting rid of one who crushes the poor and enriches the wealthy. I know that my comrades will applaud my efforts. And my name will go down in history's pages as one who, by a correct blow, has benefited his fellow-creatures to an enormous extent."

"You are right!" said the woman.

"I will show my family what kind of stuff I am made of," the young man went on in low, passionate tones. "They always considered me a good-for-nothing loafer. They could not believe that my supposed lazy shiftlessness was really madness. Some said I was crazy, because I joined the 'Sila' anarchists' club. My father and I could not agree, so I left home, and got a job as a wire drawer in the Cleveland Rolling Mill. I had to quit on account of my health, as you know. And now I can carry out in action the force of my convictions."

"There is no doubt about your success," said Emma Gold in low tones. "But should you fall a victim to your zeal, I trust you will be true to your oaths of allegiance, and not betray your best friends."

"I am no traitor," replied the young man with much

feeling. "And no matter what befalls me, the world shall never know that anyone but I had anything to do with the work I am about to perform. But I know that the result of that work will lift thousands of our down-trodden fellow-citizens out of the miserable condition into which they have been forced by a despotic form of government!"

"When are you going to Cleveland?"

"At any moment the fancy seizes me," replied the young man slowly. "I merely wish to see some friends there. I've got a week yet to spare before the time will be ripe for my venture."

For a few moments a deep silence ensued between them.

Harry had overheard every word they uttered.

It was a curious fact that throughout their guarded conversation no direct allusion was made to the President. But several times there could be no mistake about the sinister purport of their conversation meaning that Leon was an assassin, and that he was going to murder the President of the United States!

While Harry was thinking it over, he was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable desire to sneeze.

He made an effort to smother it, but the conspirators heard the sound, and in an instant were upon their feet, leaped upon the bench and peered over the high back.

Young King Brady hastily arose and confronted the two scowling faces, angry at having exposed himself.

For a moment they stood looking at each other keenly.

The anarchists thought Harry was a young woman.

"An eavesdropper!" exclaimed Czolgosz.

"She was sitting there during all of our conversation," panted Emma Gold, "and she must have heard every word we uttered!"

"That's bad!" muttered Leon.

He leaped over the bench, and seized Harry's arm.

Bending close to the young detective he demanded harshly:

"What were you sneaking there for?"

"I'll show you!" replied Harry, as he caught hold of the man.

Czolgosz gave a smothered cry of alarm, for he recognized the masculine tones to be those of a male, and realized that Harry was disguised.

"It's a man!" he gasped.

"A detective!" chuckled Harry.

"Let me go!"

"You are my prisoner, sir."

"No—no—"

"I charge you with being an anarchist, conspiring to murder the President of the United States, and I arrest you for that, sir!"

For an instant there was a deathly silence.

Suddenly, however, Czolgosz recovered his courage.

Tearing himself free from Harry's grip, he recoiled to the side of the frightened Anarchist Queen, and drew a bomb from his pocket.

At the same moment Old King Brady came running in the door, as he had seen them discovering his partner's identity.

Raising the bomb, Czolgosz yelled madly:

"I've got an explosive shell here. Stand back, or I'll fire it at you, and blow you to pieces!"

The Bradys paused.

Both feared that deadly missile, for they had not forgotten their terrible experience with a similar grenade, in the hands of crazy Hoffman, at Fire Brand Hall.

Quick to see his advantage, Czolgosz backed away with Emma Gold, going toward the train shed.

The other people in the waiting room, having seen and heard all that went on, fled in terror in all directions.

Reaching the exit, the anarchist suddenly hurled the deadly bomb toward the detectives, and dashed through the gate with his companion.

The bomb struck the floor at Old King Brady's feet, and the detectives' nerves were drawn tense as they waited for the explosion.

CHAPTER X.

ESCAPE AND PURSUIT.

There was a moment of awful suspense for the Bradys and the people who saw the anarchists hurl the bomb.

Everyone imagined there was going to be a terrible explosion, an upheaval of the railroad station, and a great loss of life.

But they were very agreeably mistaken.

The bomb failed to explode.

There was something defective in the charge.

Dynamite is very tricky in its action, as is well known to those who have occasion to handle much of it.

A slight jar has been known to explode it, on some occasions, and instances are on record where a heavy can of it has been struck a heavy blow without causing it to burst.

It took the Bradys a full minute to realize their miraculous escape from a frightful death.

But the moment they recovered, Harry wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and exclaimed:

"This is wonderful—wonderful!"

Old King Brady was nervous, but quite collected.

"The shell may not be charged," he remarked.

"Perhaps not. Anyway, it didn't burst, thank heaven, and we are spared the horror and agony of being torn to pieces."

"I'll punish Czolgosz severely for that dastardly attempt to murder us," exclaimed Old King Brady angrily.

He stooped over, picked up the bomb and going over to a line of fire buckets, filled with water, he dropped the missile in one.

"Come on, and help me to catch the scoundrel," cried Harry.

The boy ran out into the train shed, and saw a long line of cars rolling out of the depot.

Upon the rear platform of the rear car stood Leon, curiously looking back to see the effect of the bomb.

Emma Gold stood in the car doorway.

When the pair heard no explosion, and saw the Bradys

come rushing out after them, they were very much mystified.

Both imagined the explosive was going to blow up the detectives, and they could not account for its not acting.

"There they go!" cried Harry, pointing at them.

"See if you can catch the car!" panted his partner.

They ran after the train.

But it was useless.

The locomotive gained swift headway.

It glided right away from them, and they paused.

"No use," said Harry, hopelessly.

"What train is that?" growled his partner.

"The signboard at the gate says it's a Chicago express."

"I don't believe we can gain anything by telegraphing ahead to the authorities of any of the way stations to stop them. We have had an experience with the Queen before when she fled from Washington, and baffled those who watched for her."

"Our next best course, then, will be to follow them, interview the train crew, and ascertain where they got off," said Harry.

Upon inquiry, they found that the next train did not depart for an hour, and Old King Brady heard from the boy all that was said by Czolgosz and the Queen in the station waiting room.

It brought a look of relief to the veteran's face, and he said:

"Well, it's clear that the assassin doesn't intend to carry out his murderous plan for a week yet. We know something definite, at any rate. I'm going to notify the President to keep on his guard, particularly next week. If we don't act, he may blindly go right to his doom."

"It's a hard matter to expect such a public man to keep on his guard," said the boy. "The very way in which he lives exposes him to all sorts of attacks."

They went to the railroad telegraph office, and Old King Brady penned and sent the following despatch:

"To the President, Washington, D. C.

"We are on Czolgosz's track. He has a plan of attack, put in execution next week. Be on your guard. Have information yet about his intentions. Will wire you as news we get.

THE BRADYS."

Having sent the message, the detectives boarded a train and in due time were speeding away toward Chicago.

On the following day they donned ordinary costumes and met the conductor of the express train in which the anarchists had ridden.

He was in the Chicago depot.

Having introduced themselves, and described Czolgosz and Emma Gold, the detectives explained what they wanted to know.

The conductor reflected a moment, and then said:

"Oh, yes. I remember the couple you allude to. They did not alight at any way station, for mine was a through train, and made no stops between Buffalo and this city."

"Did they come straight here?" queried Old King Brady in surprise.

"Direct."

"You are sure of the people we mean?"

"The woman called the man 'Leon,' and the man called the woman 'Emma.'"

This was good enough proof.

Neither of the Bradys had mentioned the anarchists' names.

As the conductor knew them he certainly must have heard the names on the train, and knew who the pair were.

"They are the people," said Harry.

"Well, they went off in a cab."

"Public conveyance?"

"Yes. I saw them get in and ride away."

"I wish we could find that vehicle."

"So you can. I'll give you a good clew to follow."

"Name it."

"The driver was an old Irishman, with a white beard, and he was dressed up in a suit of soldier clothes."

"It ought to be easy to find such an odd-looking character," said Harry. "We'll see if we can't locate him."

They thanked the conductor, and went outside.

A number of cabmen stood near the depot, and one of them, to whom the boy spoke, said, with a laugh:

"Why, the old chap you describe is Denny Murphy."

"Can you tell us where to find him?" asked Harry.

"Right here. He's always here when he ain't busy carrying some one in his cab. He ought to return soon."

"We'll wait for him."

And they took up a position where they would see the old hackman when he came back.

The Bradys remained there an hour.

At the end of that time the man they were expecting drove up to the depot, and they approached him, and Harry said:

"Are you Denny Murphy?"

"That's me name, sor."

"You took a woman and a man from here from the express—"

"A lady with eyeglasses?" interposed the driver.

"Yes, and a young man in black."

"Shpakin' a furrin' language?"

"That's the pair. You recollect them, then?"

"Oh, yis."

"Were did you take them to?"

"Sure, an' it's two places they wint, sor."

"Where first?"

"First ter ther printin' office av ther 'Free Society,' a newspaper fer thim anarchists. It's in a two-story brick cottage at No. 515 Carroll avenue."

"And after that, where did they go?"

"Sure, an' a quare house entiorely. It's at No. 100 Newberry avenue, an' ther police av ther Maxwell street district go be afther sayin' it's a hotbed av thim Reds, so it is."

"Did they remain at the latter place?"

"They did that?"

"Take us to the Carroll avenue house first."

"Joomp in, sor."

The detectives complied, and soon reached their destination.

To their surprise, they found that the anarchistic sheet was owned and published by a man named Iseek.

They went in, and found the proprietor in his office.

He was a tall, heavy man, with a good-natured face, smooth of tongue, and evidently a person of education.

The Bradys concluded that he was Peter Iseek's father, as there was a strong resemblance between them.

On the walls of the office hung portraits of the Haymarket anarchists, who were hanged, pictures of Bresci, and the following extract from the speech of the English Reds:

"The dragon of despotism is not slain by decapitation. Where one head, called by the name of 'King,' is cut off, another called 'President,' grows from its place."

The publisher arose and greeted the detectives politely.

"How can I serve you, gentlemen?" he asked.

"By telling us where to find Emma Gold and Leon Czolgosz," replied Old King Brady. "We wish to see them."

"Really, gentlemen," blandly said Mr. Iseek, shrugging his shoulders, "I regret it, but I can't give you the information you seek."

"Haven't you a son, Peter, in Washington?" asked Harry.

The editor gave a violent start, and turned pale.

CHAPTER XI.

CORNERING SIX MEN.

The publisher glanced keenly at the detectives a moment, and satisfied with his inspection, he said, abruptly:

"You are detectives, ain't you?"

"We are," admitted Harry.

"And you are after the anarchists?"

"Exactly."

"You've come to the wrong place to find them."

"I don't know. We heard that this house was a regular rendezvous for the Reds of Chicago. But that isn't the point. We arrested a young man in Washington named Peter Iseek, and we want to know if he's your son?"

"What! Arrested him? For what?"

"Conspiring with others to kill the President."

Mr. Iseek was visibly agitated.

He mastered his emotion, though, and said, with an effort:

"No, I have no son in Washington named Peter."

Harry did not believe him.

"Like all anarchists, he's a terrible liar," he thought.

The publisher now questioned him closely about Peter and Bronislava, and the young detective explained all about the arrest at the capital city.

When he finished, Mr. Iseek was pale and miserable.

But he said no more, and refused to answer questions.

The Bradys, finding they could not get any more information from him, took their departure.

Getting into Murphy's cab they were driven off toward the Newberry street house.

"It's my opinion that our prisoner in Washington is the publisher's son," said Harry, as they rode along, "but he won't admit it."

"He doesn't have to. We can see that he is," said Old King Brady.

The cab soon reached the Newberry street house, and passed it, according to the detectives' instructions, so they could size it up.

Alighting at the corner, the detectives saw a policeman, and approaching him, Old King Brady asked him some questions about the tenants of No. 100.

"I don't know much about them," said the officer. "They are a mystery. Three men are the only parties I've ever seen going in or coming out of there. They are a wild-eyed gang, with whiskers, and look as if they never washed themselves. Most of their time seems to be spent rushing the can for beer."

"Ain't they anarchists?" asked Old King Brady.

"Don't know, boss. But if dirt, slouchy looks, red noses and bleary eyes are any indication of anarchy, I should say those three individuals are the most thorough-bred anarchists who ever blew into town. But why do you ask about them?"

The Bradys told him they were detectives.

"These fellows are harboring a couple of criminals we are after," added Old King Brady, "and as I'm going to have the place raided, I want to know what I'm going to contend with. You'll see some fun here to-night."

They made no attempt to enter the house, for the simple reason that they feared they could not get in if they tried.

Leaving Harry to watch the place, so Emma Gold and Leon Czolgosz could not get away without their knowing it, Old King Brady went to police headquarters.

He found the Chief in, and having explained his mission, he asked for his aid in raiding the Carroll avenue place, as well as the house Harry was watching.

The officer readily assented, and detailed a number of men to assist the detectives.

A plan of action was formed.

Warrants were procured, and Old King Brady hastened back to where he had left his partner, and met him on the corner.

"It's all right, now," he told the boy. "We will have a platoon of policemen at our backs at eight o'clock, and the inmates of those houses will be lucky if they escape."

"I haven't seen a sign of life about this house all the time you were away," said Harry, "and I hope we won't be disappointed when we break in, by finding the birds flown."

"No one has yet come out of there, then."

"Not a soul."

"The Anarchist Queen is pretty slippery."

"And clever enough to prevent us from gaining any definite evidence against her," said the boy.

They watched the house until eight o'clock, and then saw the policemen, clad in citizens' clothes, coming toward them

from all directions, singly and in couples, to prevent a particular attention being drawn toward them.

When a detective sergeant joined them, he asked:

"Any danger of their getting tipped off?"

"None, whatever," answered Harry. "I haven't let the house out of my sight for an instant, and I haven't seen anyone go in or come out. Consequently, if there are any mates, they can't know anything about the raid."

"Are you ready for action?"

"Call your men, and we'll break in."

The sergeant blew a shrill blast on a whistle.

Like magic men seemed to spring into view from everywhere, and in the course of a few moments the entire force was with the leaders, ready for action.

A rush was made for the front, and axes were wielded to smash it open.

A few lusty blows, delivered by a powerful policeman, sent it crashing open, and the guards spread out at the front, while the rest rushed in.

Deadly silence prevailed.

Everyone carried a lantern.

They found the house to be poorly furnished for ordinary living purposes, but failed to see a sign of anyone.

On the wall in a room on the upper floor the Bradys found a telephone, and catching view of a note pinned to it, Harry tore it down and read the pencil writing upon it.

The note said:

"Mr. Brady: Our spies notified us that you were coming with your minions of the law, and we have fled. You will never catch us. Better luck next time, if you ever get the chance!"

E. GOLD."

Old King Brady was furious.

"Foiled by the telephone!" he exclaimed.

"There certainly isn't a soul here," said Harry.

"I wonder how they gave us the slip?"

"Out the back way, of course. Had they attempted to go out the front door, I would have seen them."

"Let me see."

He opened a rear window and peered out.

There was a big yard in back, and a fence with a gate at the rear.

Still further back stood a tenement house.

"Here's how they got away," said the boy, pointing to the gate. "They probably passed through the grounds at the rear building, and going through the hall into the street, they got away without my seeing them, as I was at the front all the time."

They joined the other officers, and the detective sergeant said:

"Looks as if they'd got wind of our coming?"

"Some one on the outside saw us, and tipped them over the telephone," answered Old King Brady. "As we can't gain anything by remaining here, let us go to the rear place."

When they reached the publication office, they found the building in gloom, although the door was not closed.

From the second floor came the sound of voices.

"There's a meeting room up stairs," announced one of the policemen, whose post was in that vicinity. "That's where voices come from."

Upstairs they rushed, and found the hall door locked.

When they tried to force it, it resisted their efforts.

"Smash it down," ordered Old King Brady.

The policemen with the axes set to work, and rained a shower of thunderous blows upon the door.

For a while the stout woodwork resisted, but it finally had to give away, and went down with a grinding crash.

Into a large meeting hall rushed the officers.

There were six men in the apartment, armed with revolvers, and when the officers appeared, the Reds opened fire on them.

As the loud volley rang out, and several of the policemen were hit, they recoiled in wild disorder.

The two Bradys held their ground manfully.

They were not to be beaten back so easily.

Aiming their pistols at the sullen gang, Old King Brady cried:

"Drop those weapons, and give in, or it will be the worse for you."

The only answer he got was a second round of shots.

The whistling bullets flew around the plucky detectives like a swarm of bees, and one of them wounded Harry on the head.

But they did not flinch.

Seeing that the anarchists did not intend to submit, they opened fire on the six men with no further hesitation.

CHAPTER XII.

A FLYING TRIP TO PATERSON.

"If you don't surrender, we shall kill you!" cried Old King Brady, as he dauntlessly faced the gang of anarchists.

"You'll never take us alive!" determinedly answered Iseek, who was among them.

"It was you who telephoned to Emma Gold!"

"Yes, I admit it. And she escaped, eh? Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad I baffled you. Clear out of here while you have the chance."

"We won't go unless we take you with us."

"What have we done, that you should arrest us?"

"You are confederates of Emma Gold in her plot to kill the President. We have got evidence of that, and we mean to arrest you, and hold you unless you can prove your innocence."

"We have nothing to do with the case," declared the man. But as Emma belongs to our order, we will stand by her every time."

Just then the policemen, having got over their panic, returned to the room and charged on the anarchists again with their clubs.

Few shots were fired.

They had no time to use their pistols.

But in a minute a terrific struggle ensued.

Although the police outnumbered the anarchists two to one, the latter fought with such furious desperation that it seemed for awhile as if they would beat the policemen.

At this point the tide of battle was turned by the Bradys, who sprang into the fight, and the anarchists were overcome.

Knocked down on the floor, raving like madmen and struggling to the last moment, they were overcome and bound.

A patrol wagon was sent for, and they were carted away to the police station, while the officers took possession of the entire building, and searched it for evidence that would connect the inmates with Emma Gold's plot.

Nothing but a lot of anarchistic literature was found, however.

The men, as the police records show, were Martin Fox, Michael Bos, Abraham Iseek, Hyppolyte Havel, Clements Pfueterer and a man named M. Rasirake.

It afterward developed that Pfueterer was a rabid anarchist who kept a shoe shop on Wabash avenue.

He had been in trouble with the police before.

Havel was a canvasser, and had served two years in prison at Pilsen, Bohemia, where he was convicted of speaking and writing anarchistic matter against his native government.

All the others were outspoken anarchists.

Indeed, on the way to the police station, Rasirake cursed the police, and predicted a day when men would be allowed such freedom that the police would have no right to molest them.

The only satisfaction the Bradys derived from the affair was to see more of the anarchists put where they could do no harm. The police afterward tried to prove that these men were implicated in the fatal plot that was hatched against the President, but signally failed to make a case.

The utmost they could do was to secure a confession from Iseek. He admitted that he had in July entertained the Anarchist Queen, and that he afterward met Leon Czolgosz, alias Frederick C. Nieman, who wanted to become an anarchist. But he claimed that Czolgosz had gone to Cleveland because he was suspected of being a spy, and could not gain admission to the anarchist secret societies of Chicago.

After the raid Harry went to the hospital to get his wound dressed, and found it was a trifling matter.

The Bradys passed several days after that scouring the city in search of Czolgosz and the Queen.

But they remained safely hidden.

Fearing the pair had gone to Cleveland, the detectives telegraphed to the head of the police department, asking for information about Czolgosz. A reply soon came back.

The Bradys were informed that the young man had been there with Emma Gold, called on his parents, and that the woman had addressed a large audience at a meeting there.

Then the pair disappeared from the city.

The authorities did not know where they had gone.

At this point a letter reached the Bradys from Paterson, N. J.

It arrived in care of the Chief of Chicago Police, and said:

"Dear Mr. Brady: I am a local detective of this city, know from the press reports that you are in Chicago running down the Reds, and have heard that you are in the employ of the President. As I understand that you are very anxious to capture a woman known as Emma Gold, the Anarchist Queen, I think I can be of some service to you. She is now in this city, with her friend, Czolgosz, and if you want to capture her, come on right away, and I will show you where you can put your hands right on her. If you wish to see me, you can find me at No. 24 State street. Answer by telegraph.

"Yours truly, WILLIAM EDISON."

The receipt of this letter filled the detectives with encouragement.

It was a plausible letter, and they believed it, for they knew that Paterson was a hotbed of anarchists, and one of the most likely places in which the Queen might be found.

Having made up their minds to at least investigate the invitation, the detectives left Chicago, after telegraphing Edison.

On the following evening they reached Paterson.

Having had their supper at a good hotel, the Bradys set out to find the local detective, who had written to them.

When they drew near the address he had given they found it to be in a miserable neighborhood, for Paterson's "Little Italy" has its center at Market and State streets, a block from the Erie Railroad depot.

It consisted of a number of frame stores, tenements and beer saloons.

Bartholdi Hall and Proletario Hall, the favorite meeting places of the Reds, were near by, as was the office of the anarchists' organ, "La Question Sociale," which was edited by a man named Pietro Esteve.

Chief of Police Frederick Graue and Mayor John Hinchcliffe had often endeavored to break up the disgraceful gangs of anarchists who infested the city, but met with no success.

The so-called "halls," in which the Reds met, were beer saloon annexes, and when the Bradys arrived there they found them crowded with noisy, talkative anarchists, who were drinking, smoking, and discussing the problem of how to kill all the rulers of the world.

"Pretty tough neighborhood," commented Harry.

"Mostly Italians," added Old King Brady.

"Isn't this a queer place to meet Edison?"

"Not if he is going to show us the anarchists we want."

They gazed around at the dirty denizens of the squalid tenements, many of whom, with their children, were crowded in the doorways, sitting at the windows and lounging in the streets.

It was a warm, pleasant night.

From the beer saloons, of which there were plenty, came the voices of singers and the loud talk of brawlers.

The Bradys strode along until they reached the State street address at which they were to call.

When they reached the place they found it to be an old,

dilapidated building, about the doorway of which a gang of men were grouped, looking like Italian laborers.

They did not see the Bradys at once, and were talking in their native tongue in their usual excitable way.

One of them used the name "Moresca" in addressing the other, and the detectives glanced at the person addressed with keen interest, for they recognized him as the Italian anarchist who fled from Rome, and caused the Ellis Island authorities here so much trouble.

He was a short, heavily built fellow, with a swarthy complexion and a black mustache, and he wore a loud suit of clothes. With all his native passion for display, he wore considerable cheap, flashy jewelry, and spoke in a very pompous manner.

Stepping up to him Old King Brady asked the man, "Is William Edison around here?"

The Italian flashed a keen glance at his questioner, bowed slightly, and, assuming a bland smile, he asked, in broken English, "Youa name de Brady, signor?"

"It is."

"Edison specta you."

"Yes. Where does he live?"

"You comea me, I showa you."

"Lead the way."

The Italian spoke to his companions.

They separated, and the anarchist leader stepped into a dark hall.

Without the slightest fear or expectation of being arrested, the Bradys followed him in at once.

They were in dense gloom.

As they passed into the hall the silent gang in the doorway glanced meaningfully at each other.

Then they crowded into the hall after the detectives. Not a word was spoken.

But they understood what they had to do, for they drew out their weapons and softly followed the Bradys.

Ignorant of their danger, the detectives followed Moresca to the staircase, and ascended, followed by the silent gang.

CHAPTER XIII.

LED INTO A TRAP.

Moresca led the Bradys into a cheaply furnished parlor in which a hanging lamp was burning, and told them to sit down.

"I go an' geta da Edison," said he. "He gooda cop. He takeit de poor Italia mans if he do something. Youa cops, too?"

"Yes," said Old King Brady.

"Looka da anarchist here?"

"Of course," the old detective assented.

"But youa wana gooda man," said Moresca. "Me gooda man. You trinka de glass Chianti? Vera gooda wine, signor."

The Bradys were thirsty, and as they did not wish to antagonize the man when he was trying his best to be pleasant, Old King Brady answered:

"I don't mind."

Moresca brought out a green bottle, half enveloped in ker work, from a closet, and placing it, with two glasses, before them, he grinned, and said:

"Takit de trink, signor. Youa likit data wine ver' moch."

Old King Brady poured out a glassful, Harry watching him.

As he raised the glass to his lips to drink, the boy suddenly started forward, and knocked it from his hand.

The glass fell to the floor with a crash, and the wine spilled all over.

"Don't you drink that wine!" exclaimed Harry.

"Why not?" queried Old King Brady in surprise.

"It's poisoned! I saw a white powder in the bottom of glass."

"What!"

Harry turned to Moresca.

The Italian had recoiled with a startled look.

Seizing the bottle of wine with one hand, and grasping the anarchist by the throat with the other, Harry shoved the neck of the bottle up to his mouth, and cried:

"I sample that wine, Moresca!"

"O, no!" gasped the Italian, turning pale.

He was going to push the bottle away, when Old King Brady drew out his pistol, pressed the muzzle against the Italian's forehead, and said, in low, threatening tones:

"Drink that wine, or I'll pull the trigger!"

A wild light shot from Moresca's eyes, and his breath became stertorous, while his whole form shook.

"I can't!" he gasped. "Me no tirsty."

"Drink, I tell you!" thundered the detective.

"Ave Maria santissima!" groaned Moresca, bursting into cold sweat, "how I trink when I nota want him?"

The detectives glances met.

"Force him!" said Harry. "That will test the wine."

"Up end the bottle."

Harry tipped the bottle up.

The wine flew out of the end all over the Italian's face.

He kept his mouth shut and his teeth clenched tightly.

It was clear that he was determined not to drink the stuff.

"Guilty!" commented Old King Brady.

Moresca tore himself free.

Rushing across the room he whistled shrilly.

Open flew the hall door, and in rushed his gang of assassins.

"We are trapped!" said Harry.

A hoarse chuckle escaped Moresca.

"Yes," he cried, thrillingly. "Youa in a trap!"

"The letter was a decoy, eh?"

"Sure it was."

"There's no William Edison?"

"No, sair!"

"What is the meaning of this foul play?"

"De Queen playa dis trick. Youa fall right in."

"What easy marks we were!" sighed Old King Brady regretfully.

"They lured us here on a fool's errand, to kill us," answered

Harry. "We knew they had it in for us, and should have been more cautious about trusting such letters."

They had a bitter, resentful feeling toward the Queen for playing such a trick on them. But they knew she hated them.

Moresca had made a silent signal to his friends.

They readily understood it, and came gliding toward the officers.

Indeed, they arrived in dangerous proximity before the detectives noticed what they were doing.

Harry had drawn his pistol, too.

As he stood beside his partner, he said to Moresca:

"Call off your men, or they'll get shot!"

"No, signor," replied the Italian. "Youa not makit de fight. It do no good, sair. We cut you all up."

"Very well," said the boy, coolly. "If you fellows are bound to get hurt, come ahead."

The gang had paused again.

Both parties stood glaring at each other with angry looks, and a deep silence ensued for a few moments.

Neither side wished to open the battle.

While matters stood thus, a panel in the wall behind Old King Brady was silently opened.

Out shot a powerful pair of arms.

Two hands grasped the detective by the throat from the rear, and he was suddenly jerked backward, lost his balance, and his head struck the wall a stunning blow.

He gave a cry, and Harry glanced around at him.

The moment the boy's attention was drawn away the gang before him suddenly rushed forward.

Harry brought his pistol around and fired.

But just as he pulled the trigger one of the Italians knocked his arm, and the ball was buried harmlessly in the ceiling.

Before the boy had an opportunity to fire again he was seized by several of the men and thrown to the floor.

They fell on him.

Pinned down so he could not move, Harry was at the mercy of the gang of ruffians, and they quickly bound and gagged him.

Old King Brady had been stunned.

They therefore had no trouble in tying his hands and legs, and when he revived, he found himself a prisoner.

Moresca stood grinning at him.

"Youa de prisoner now," he observed grimly.

"Why have you done this?" demanded the detective.

"Youa not knowa dat? I tella you. Signora Gold, she tellit me dat you knowa de anarchists' secrets. I say I killa you. She say she senda you here. Den she maka de plan, and you come."

"Oh! We are to be killed, are we?"

"Si, signor. Youa knowa too much our secrets."

"I only wish I knew more."

Moresca made a motion to his men.

"Take them away," said he in Italian.

The ruffians seized the officers, lifted them up, and carried them through the open panel in the wall.

Dense gloom surrounded them.

They went along, and down a flight of stairs. The Bradys had no idea where they were being taken to. But they had no fear, desperate as the case was. The anarchists closed the trap door in the wall. They walked some distance, and then paused. The detectives wondered what their enemies intended to do to them.

One of the Italians lit a candle.

By its flickering light the Bradys saw that they were in a dirty little cellar under the old house.

Their captors laid them down on the floor.

No conference was held, for the villains had matured their plans while expecting the arrival of the detectives.

Moresca made a signal to them.

They silently filed up stairs, and went from room to room in the old rookery, telling their families to get out.

Inside of an hour the house was vacated, and one of them went to the door of the secret passage and called "Moresca!"

"Well?" queried the anarchist.

"All right."

"Go, then."

Silence ensued again.

Moresca took a box of matches from his pocket, and strode over to a heap of paper and broken wood, heaped against the woodwork of the coal bins.

He lit it with a match.

As it was drenched with kerosene, a fierce flame shot up in the air, and set fire to the rotten old rafters and floor boards overhead.

A bright light lit up the cellar.

The detectives saw Moresca rush over to a keg which stood in the middle of the cellar, and pull off a lid.

Then the detectives understood his design.

When the flames reached the keg, and it exploded, blowing the house to pieces, the evidence of the murder of the two men would be destroyed.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN SMOKE AND FLAME.

Having completed his fiendish work, the anarchist ran upstairs and got out of the building at once.

Left alone, the Bradys were in a ferment of excitement.

The gags prevented them from uttering a syllable, and the bands on their wrists and ankles prevented them from getting up to help themselves.

"Had they left me ungagged, I might have rolled over to Harry and loosened his bands with my teeth," the old detective thought bitterly.

The boy glanced around and thought:

"Help from outside sources is out of the question. We have got to rely upon ourselves, or perish. The fire won't be discovered in time to let the department save this building. I must try a dangerous expedient."

He rolled over to the roaring fire.

The fierce heat scorched him, and it was hard to b but the desperate boy did not waver.

A fire brand had fallen on the floor, and he deliberately held his arms over the flame it emitted.

"He's gone crazy!" thought Old King Brady, who keenly watching all his movements.

He could not understand the boy's actions, except for that he was deliberately setting himself afire.

Young King Brady was no fool, however.

He knew what he was about.

The sleeve of his jacket caught afire, and he rolled over on it, extinguishing the flames.

Then he resumed the burning process, keeping the that bound him in the flames all the time.

Every few moments his clothes caught afire, but he put out the flames as he had done before.

By repeated burnings, he had the satisfaction of severing the cords that bound him.

Once his arms were free, he rolled away from the drew out his knife and cut his legs free.

Bounding to his feet he cried:

"I'll see to you now, Old King Brady."

He was surrounded by flying sparks, and clouds of smoke. Glancing at his partner, the boy saw him looking at the keg of gunpowder with an uneasy expression.

Harry was startled.

Making a rush for it, he saw that innumerable sparks were floating around and over the keg.

If one fell in, the powder was apt to explode.

The wonder was that it had not already done so.

Seizing the lid of the keg, the boy raised it from the and flung it in its place.

When the top of the keg was covered, he felt easier.

Then, gasping for breath, his eyes smarting, and burns on his arms aching, the boy ran to his partner.

Neither of them could breathe well, and both were struggling.

Like lightning the boy's keen knife liberated his partner. Old King Brady arose.

"Get out of here quick!" he gasped.

"Where's the staircase," panted Harry. "I can't see. The smoke seems to hide everything."

"We must search for the stairs," answered the old detective. "Run along the walls."

They separated and lost sight of each other.

Soon a cry escaped the boy.

"I've got it."

"Where are you?" demanded his partner.

"Follow the sound of my voice."

"Keep calling, then."

"This way! This way! This way!"

Groping through the smoke, the crackling of the burning wood creating a horrible sound, Old King Brady found the boy near one of the walls.

There was a door before him.

"Why don't you open it?" he asked.

"Can't. It's locked," replied Harry.

"Break it down."

help me, then."

drew back and rushed at it.

ing the door a fearful blow with their shoulders they

he lock, and it flew open.

detectives were plunged forward into the secret

e, and recognized the place.

as filled with smoke.

outstretched hands, they groped their way forward,

on found a flight of stairs.

on up," said the boy.

we are safe enough now."

we ain't. Our lives are in great danger."

ow can they be?"

u seem to forget the powder keg."

will be some time ere the fire reaches it."

ere's no use running risks on that."

the stairs they rushed rapidly.

en they reached the top they found the panel secured,

uld not force it.

lock was in plain view, however.

King Brady felt in his pocket.

Jove!" he exclaimed in amazement. "I've got my

ny shouldn't you have it?"

ecause I thought the Reds robbed us."

would not have been policy for them to do so,"

ou think——"

think they wanted to leave the impression, if our dead

were found, that we were not the victims of thieves.

impression would have started an investigation. It

have led to their arrest and conviction. They are

harp."

ery."

our valuables were found intact in our pockets, it

have been hard to prove that we were victims of foul

hen they counted on the fire to burn our bands."

hose cords would not have lasted five minutes after

ames got at our bodies."

are enough."

King Brady placed the muzzle of his pistol against

nel lock and discharged the weapon.

blew the lock to pieces.

y pushed open the panel.

into the little parlor they sprang, and peered around.

ot a soul here," said Harry.

nd not much smoke has come up yet."

an down stairs and get out."

ay they sped into the hall and down the stairs.

one was met, and they came to the conclusion that

eds had got their friends and relatives out of the

old building.

y quickly reached the street.

t they rushed, sweating, blackened from smoke, their

ng burnt in places, and their tempers excited.

ok out for the Reds!" said Harry.

o you see any of them?"

ot yet, but——"

"Ha! See! Who's that?"

He pointed at a man across the street.

This individual had been lurking in the gloom of a door-way.

But he now leaped into view and rushed up the street.

Harry peered hard at him.

"Moresca!" said he excitedly.

"After him!" panted Old King Brady.

Away they rushed after the fugitive, but they had not gone ten yards when they heard a fearful explosion.

There was a rumbling roar, and a tremendous burst of flame from the house the detectives evacuated.

Up in the air flew a big mass of debris.

People in the street shouted, and rushed for shelter, and Harry smiled, and panted:

"We got out just in time."

"The powder keg has gone up," said Old King Brady.

"The house is wrecked."

"Now the flames are bursting out."

"In a few minutes all the old shanties around here will be gone."

They kept on running after Moresca.

He did not go very fast, and as they were fleet of foot they began to overtake him.

He saw his danger.

It caused him to increase his pace.

The Bradys heard footsteps pursuing them.

CHAPTER XV.

HEARING HIDDEN SPEAKERS.

"Old King Brady," panted Harry, as he glanced back over his shoulder, "we are being chased by four of the gang who aided Moresca to imprison us in the cellar of the burning house!"

The old detective glanced back.

He, too, saw the anarchists.

"They've seen us pursuing Moresca," said he, "and they, in turn, are racing along after us."

"Looks like a put-up job."

"More than likely it is."

"Moresca may design to lead us into a trap, and have his pals come after us to wreak vengeance on us."

"We must look out for such a plot."

"How amazed they must have been to see us escape alive and well from that fiery furnace."

"It very likely gave them a shock of intense disappointment, Harry," responded the old detective.

Just then Moresca arrived at a tenement house in which dwelt many Italians.

He dove down the cellar stairs and vanished.

"There he goes," said the boy.

"I see him," replied his partner.

"We may have him in a corner."

"Look out he is not leading us into a trap."

"I'm going right down after him."

"See. There's a light down there," said Old King Brady, as they arrived opposite the cellar stairs.

"Coming?"

"Yes."

Harry plunged down.

His partner followed him.

They found themselves in a plain, little cellar, with a flight of stone stairs at the rear, and a door opening in the yard.

Beside the house was an alley.

Moresca was just disappearing up the rear steps, and, glancing back, saw them in hot pursuit.

After him dashed the Bradys.

A gas jet on the wall lighted the place.

By the time they got across the cellar they heard their pursuers coming down after them.

"Still chasing us," Harry commented.

"Perhaps they expect to attack us down here," said Old King Brady, as he glanced back.

He saw the four Italians.

Then he rushed up the stone steps.

Seizing the cellar door he slammed it down.

Putting the hasp on the staple, he stuck a clothes pin in the opening, and so secured the door that their pursuers could not open it from within.

Old King Brady saw nothing of Moresca.

"What became of him?" he asked blankly.

"Probably went out the alley to the street again."

"Let's see. He must yet be in sight."

"Hark!"

"What?"

"Those fellows are trying to get out of the cellar."

"They can't open that door."

"We have them in a trap, then."

"So we have. If we miss Moresca we'll have them."

They ran through the alley.

By this time the fire had burst out so that people were running toward it from all directions.

They heard the clanging of bells on fire engines, the rattle of flying wheels going over the cobble stones, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the tooting of whistles.

Many people were rushing by.

Nothing was seen of Moresca.

"He has lost himself in the crowd," said Harry.

"Then we won't find him."

"We can nab his pals, though."

"Here come two policemen we can enlist."

When the officers reached them, the Bradys stopped them.

"Help us arrest some anarchists," said Old King Brady.

"Who are you?" queried one of the officers.

"Secret Service men," said Harry, showing his badge.

"What have your birds done?"

"Started that fire."

"Oh! Where are they?"

"In this cellar."

"We'll aid you."

"They'll be up in a moment."

"We'll break their heads when they appear."

They waited on each side of the cellar door.

Below they could hear the anarchists talking.

Finding they could not force open the rear door of the cellar, they concluded to return to the street.

Up stairs they came.

Harry grabbed the first man to appear.

Clutching him by the throat the boy pulled him out of the street, and a struggle began between them.

Ignorant of what had befallen their companion the anarchists came running up, only to find themselves, one by one by the policemen and detectives.

A crowd gathered round.

Within a few moments a terrific struggle was going on among the four couples, during which the anarchists tried to use their weapons on the officers.

They were clubbed for their treachery.

It did not take long to subdue them.

When the four were handcuffed together, they presented a pitiable plight from the beating they received.

"You say they set fire to yonder house?" asked one of the policemen of Old King Brady.

"Yes. They had a keg of gunpowder in the cellar to destroy traces of their rascality. In addition, they made an effort to kill us by the explosion."

"Indeed! For what?"

"Because we are running down the Reds all over the country, the whole society is bitter against us."

"I've heard they've been active again, and are trying to put our President out of the way."

"That's a fact. We have evidence of it."

"Well, these villains won't have a hand in it. They've got ten years apiece for burning that house."

The prisoners scowled and began to talk to each other in their native language.

This was stopped, and the crowd was dispersed.

Then they were taken away and locked up.

After that the Bradys went to police headquarters and had a conversation with the Chief.

He told them he would have his men watch for Moresca and arrest him in sight.

After that the detectives sought a resting place for the night, and turned in.

On the following day they were astir early.

After breakfast they went to court, and appeared as witnesses for the prisoners, who, upon their testimony, were removed to the jail for trial.

This matter disposed of, the Bradys disguised themselves and spent a couple of days working among the anarchists to find out something of their plans.

On the evening of their third day in Paterson, they happened to be sitting behind some boxes on the veranda of Bartholdi Hall, when they heard two men speaking in low tones behind the closed blinds of a window.

"Have you heard from Emma?" one of them asked.

"I got a letter this morning. She has sent out a general alarm to all hands to keep shady and say nothing in for a few days."

anything happened?"
 "Not yet. But it will, soon."
 "How do you know?"
 "Well, the newspapers said the President is going to go to the Pan-American Fair, and Leon Czolgosz has to Buffalo, too."
 "When they will meet there?"
 "They do only one will get away alive."
 "Where is Emma?"
 "Left Leon, and went traveling to prove an alibi."
 "What's that for?"

"If anything serious happens to the President, the first one to be suspected will be Emma. The police are bound to find her. When they do, she wants them to know that she has nothing to do with what may occur in Buffalo."
 "I see," said the other.
 "That ended the dialogue."

"It set the Bradys thinking, and they suddenly made their minds to go to Buffalo.
 Four hours later they were on a train speeding away. They did not know what a tragic trip they were on."

CHAPTER XVI.

AT THE EXPOSITION.

"On the morning of September 4, the Bradys walked into the office of William S. Bull, the Superintendent of the Buffalo Police."

"District-Attorney Thomas Penny was holding a conference with him, and they greeted the Bradys warmly, as they were well."

"We were just devising a method of protecting the President while he is here at the Pan-American Exposition," said Mr. Bull to the two Secret Service men.

"Isn't he protected?" demanded Old King Brady in surprise. "If he isn't, he certainly should be. There are great many people here from all over the country, and in the Exposition. Many of them are bitterly antagonistic to him. Moreover, we know it to be a fact that the anarchists have been quite active lately, and may attempt to attack him."

"He has some protection," replied the Superintendent. "The big Secret Service man, goes with him almost everywhere, and there are no end of soldiers and marines under the grounds."

"Do you know where most of the Poles live?" asked Mr. Brady. "In Broadway, on the East Side, there are many Polish people, whom we know to be anarchists." "Give me the addresses of a few of the worst."

The Superintendent complied.

"After some further conversation the Bradys departed."

"They headed straight for the house of a man named"

"as in a tenement."

"Going up to the top floor, they knocked at a door."

"Come in," said a gruff voice.

Opening the door they passed into a carpetless room poorly furnished, in which sat a man with a beard.

He looked like a laborer.

Glancing at the detectives curiously, he asked:

"Vell, vot you vant?"

"Ain't you Mr. Myers?" asked Harry.

"Dot's my name."

"Where is Mr. Czolgosz?"

"He jüst vent out."

The detectives were startled to hear this admission, that the anarchist had been there, for Harry only asked his question at a venture, and did not expect such a reply.

It was evident that they had come to the right place at once, and Harry followed up his question by asking:

"Do you know where he went?"

"To Main street. He wants to puy a revolver in a hardware store vot's ower dere. Do yer vant him?"

"Yes. We are friends of his from Cleveland."

"Dot's vhere he lifs."

"Yes. Of course."

"Vill yer wait for him?"

"No. We will return."

"Vot's your name?"

"Just tell him Mr. Doe called."

"All rigd, Mr. Doe. Come again."

"Oh, we'll return. Our business with him is very important."

They left the man and hastened over to Main street.

Inquiry developed the fact that there was only one hardware store anywhere near, and they proceeded there.

The dealer sold firearms.

"What can he want of that pistol?" asked Harry, uneasily.

"Probably he wants it to defend himself against an arrest?" suggested Old King Brady.

"I fear it's worse than that."

"What do you expect?"

"That he wants it to commit murder."

"Let's go in and see if he's here."

They passed into the store.

Not a customer was in the place.

"Well, sir?" asked the owner, of Old King Brady.

"Did you have a customer for a pistol awhile ago?"

"Yes, sir. A young man. He was neatly clad, and bought a revolver."

"Indeed! And how long has he been gone?"

"Only five minutes."

"Did you notice in which direction he went?"

"No, sir."

"Did he buy cartridges?"

"A box."

"How did he act, nervously?"

"Perfectly cool and calm."

"Did he load the pistol in here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mention why he bought it?"

"No. He seemed a sullen young man."

They asked a few more questions and then went out. When they reached the street Old King Brady asked: "Can this be the beginning of his plot to kill?" "More than likely. We must warn the President again." "That's easily done." "Shadow the house till he returns." "You go to warn the President while I'm gone." "All right," answered Harry.

He hurried away to the Exhibition grounds, leaving his partner watching the tenement.

Harry found the President without any trouble, for a great crowd followed him about the grounds.

Young King Brady nodded to Foster, and took the Chief Executive aside, and said in low, earnest tones:

"Your life is in danger, sir."

"From anarchists?" queried the President quickly.

"Yes. Czolgosz has bought a pistol."

"Is he here?"

"Yes, sir, and he designs to shoot you."

"Can't you stop him?"

"We will try."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No, sir. It makes us very uneasy about you."

The President reflected a moment, and then said:

"My fate is in the hands of God."

"Ain't you going to keep under cover?"

"No, Mr. Brady. I am going to keep right on acting as I always do. I shall not run away from my people. I shall meet them all on an equal footing. If anyone begrudges me my plain, simple life, I cannot stop him from sacrificing it. I shall do nothing more than I am doing now."

Young King Brady saw that arguments were useless.

He, therefore, merely said:

"You are master of your own actions, Mr. President."

They shook hands and parted.

The President was mingling freely with everyone, from the poorest and humblest to the richest and most affluent at the Exposition. Most of the time he was accompanied by his friend, Mr. Milburn, in his walks around the grounds.

It was a common occurrence for him to pause and shake hands with those who so desired, or to speak a kindly word here and a friendly greeting there.

He was a very well-liked man.

Young King Brady went back to the house where Czolgosz had been stopping with his Polish friend.

There he met his partner.

He had nothing to report.

Czolgosz had not yet returned.

They watched his friend's house for two days.

In the meantime Czolgosz had left there for good.

He haunted the Exposition grounds.

Several times he jostled the President during his walks, and yet he failed to find a favorable chance to injure him.

Foster was too near.

The young man slunk around quietly, biding his time, and waiting for a favorable opportunity to arrive.

Finally his patience was to be rewarded.

He saw the Bradys scouring the grounds for him.

A reception was finally announced to take place in the Temple of Music, at which the President was to preside.

The Bradys went there.

At five minutes after four, on Friday evening, of September sixth, Czolgosz might have been seen joining a long line.

He followed them in.

Taking a revolver from the right-hand pocket of his jacket, he shielded it with his wrist and hand.

He drew a white handkerchief from the left-hand pocket of his jacket, and arranged it carelessly over his hand and pistol.

The weapon was thus concealed.

The assassin was ready for his terrible task.

Nobody knew him, and by going along with the others he was bound to arrive in close proximity to his victim.

The line moved on, and Czolgosz with it.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

The line in which the assassin stood passed into the beautiful-domed Temple of Music by the southeast entrance from the Esplanade.

There was a double line of police and soldiers, between which the people passed to shake hands with the President.

As the line passed on it turned in the center of the building, and passed out by the southwest door.

The President stood in the middle of the building, Mr. Milburn on one side of him and his secretary, Mr. Cortis, on the other.

Detective Gerry was beside the secretary, with the Bradys.

On the other side of the group stood Secret Service Detectives Foster, Ireland and Gallagher.

Ahead of Czolgosz was a huge negro.

Nobody paid any attention to the assassin.

If anyone noticed the handkerchief over his hand they might have thought it was there to cover an injury.

In a few moments Czolgosz reached the smiling and kindly-faced President.

The President extended his right hand to shake the hand which Czolgosz thrust forward.

As soon as their hands met, the assassin shoved his right hand over his left arm, and fired two shots.

The President cast a glance of surprise and contempt at the man, and reeled back wounded.

The negro ahead of Czolgosz wheeled around, saw what had happened, and dealt him a terrific punch in the face.

The next instant the Bradys saw the murderer, and leaped upon him, with the other detectives.

The scene of excitement that followed baffles all description.

The assassin was hurried away, while the President received medical attention and was being taken to Mr. Milburn's house.

"He has defeated us!" Old King Brady gasped when the shots were fired, and he saw who did it.

"We'll have him for it, then," replied Harry.

They got the shrinking and cowering wretch in jail.

When the Bradys left him, and regained the street Harry said:

"Now we know why he bought that pistol."

"He denied that he had accomplices," answered Old King Brady, as he took a chew of tobacco.

"We know better than that."

"I wish we could find Emma Gold."

"You believe she instigated the deed, don't you?"

"Certainly. Didn't Czolgosz say, 'I meant to kill the resident. I am a disciple of Emma Gold. I have heard her lecture, and have read her writings. I have done my duty.' That shows plainly enough that he was incited by that woman to commit the murder."

"Whether he was ordered to do so by the anarchists or not makes little difference. The fact that he was in her company so much warrants us in trying to find her, and put her in jail."

"Let us search for her."

The Bradys searched Buffalo without finding her, and sent out numerous telegrams all over the country.

They kept up the search for nearly a week.

In the meantime the President hovered between life and death, and the police of every city in the Union were raiding for anarchists, and hunting for Czolgosz's accomplices.

The assassin was kept in strict seclusion.

He was not permitted to make speeches and revel in the cheap notoriety he was so anxious to gain.

Everybody knows how the President died.

That made the man's offense murder.

With wonderful generosity on the part of the community, he was permitted to have the ablest counsel to defend him.

Had he been proven insane, he would have escaped being executed for his awful crime.

But the most expert physicians examined him, and found he was not only sane, but physically healthy.

On the 9th of September a telegram from a woman in Chicago reached the Bradys.

She was a person with whom they were well acquainted, as she knew many of the anarchists, they came to the conclusion that they would go to see her.

She notified them that Emma Gold was in Chicago, and that she could show them where the Anarchist Queen was living.

The detectives left Buffalo.

On the following morning they reached Chicago, and went to see the woman who telegraphed to them.

She lived in a flat on Sheffield avenue, and when the Bradys met her, she said to them:

"There's a family named Norris living a few doors away from here, Old King Brady, and the woman, Emma Gold, are stopping there with them."

"Have you seen her?" asked Old King Brady.

"Yes. I saw her enter their flat yesterday, and while I was not certain of her identity, I suspected it. Then I tele-

graphed to you, as I learned from the police where you were stopping."

"I see."

"This morning I saw the woman again, and recognized her."

"Who lives in that flat?"

"Mr. Norris, his mother and his sister."

"Have they lived there long?"

"Since May."

"What's the man's business?"

"He's an insurance agent, about thirty years old."

"American?"

"No. Canadian."

"We'll go and see if she is there."

They thanked the woman and departed.

The three-story flat house was close to the Sheffield avenue police station, and they ascended to the top floor.

When they knocked at the door, a woman cried:

"Come in."

They entered, and confronted the Anarchist Queen.

She gazed at them curiously, for they were disguised.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" she asked.

"We want you, Miss Gold," replied Harry.

"I am not Miss Gold," she answered. "I am Miss Thor- sen, and I am a Swedish domestic here."

Old King Brady walked over to a table and picked up a fountain pen, glanced at it, and saw the name on it of "Emma Gold."

"What does this mean?" he asked, holding it up.

She changed color, and stammered:

"That gives me away."

"So it does."

"Are you policemen?"

"Yes, and you are wanted in the Czolgosz case."

"For the assassination of the President?"

"Exactly."

"I had nothing to do with it."

"We expect you to say that."

"Well," she laughed, recovering her composure, "you are smart policemen. I'll admit I am Emma Gold. I was just thinking of going down to police headquarters and giving myself up, as I heard they suspect me of being in league with the assassin of the President. If you had come half an hour later you would have found me gone. If you will excuse me, while I change my waist, I will go with you. I can't go out in this wrapper."

They permitted her to do as she asked, and when she came out, with a book in her hand, the detectives had removed the disguises from their faces.

She started, screamed, and turned pale when she saw them.

"The Bradys!" she gasped.

"I knew we'd land you!" chuckled Old King Brady, as he seized her. "And this is your finish."

She compressed her lips, and said no more, and they brought her to the City Hall in a street car, and ushered her into the office of Mr. O'Neill, the Chief of Police, who summoned Mayor Harrison.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

After the arrival of the Mayor, a regular inquisition took place.

Mr. O'Neill said to the Anarchist Queen:

"Miss Gold, the Bradys have given us an account of all your doings that came under their personal observation. It, of course, leads us to suppose that you are an accomplice of Czolgosz. Now, we want you to make a clean breast of all your doings."

"That is very easily done, sir," replied the woman. "While in Buffalo I stopped with a friend, named Hattie Lang. From there I went to my sister's home, in Rochester. From there I went to a number of other cities, with relatives, such as Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis, selling office supplies. I was in St. Louis when I first heard of the President's death. I was riding in a Tower Grove line car. I was on my way to my boarding house, in No. 1350 South Thirteenth street, at the time. It amazed me. I sent a telegram to Chicago, asking if my friends, the Iseeks, were in trouble, as the newspapers said they were under arrest. So I came here to help them. I left St. Louis Saturday, by the Wabash, and arrived at the Polk street depot 8 o'clock Sunday morning. Monday night I went to Norris's. I knew him in a business way."

"Miss Gold," said Mayor Harrison, "are you sure that fellow Czolgosz didn't talk plots and assassinations to you?"

"I am certain he did not," came the quick reply, "but I heard he talked plots and inner circles to Mr. Iseek. For that reason he was denounced as a spy."

"Did any person write you about this man?"

"No. Now, suppose a negro shot the President. Would you arrest every negro in the land, and drag their children to prison, as you have us?"

She almost burst into tears at this point.

But by an effort of her iron will she rallied, and smiled.

"Mr. Mayor," said she. "If the State can afford it, I would like to have something to eat. I am awfully hungry. I have eaten nothing since 7 o'clock this morning."

"You shall have a good dinner, because you are an obliging little woman," said Mr. O'Neill. "But, first," he added, "you are such a good-looking woman, I really must have a picture of you."

"You shall have it," said the woman, with a smile.

Then she burst into tears.

They secured two negatives of her.

Before the Bradys left the Chief, he said to them:

"You have done a good job in capturing that woman. She is too foxy to give herself away. But we are convinced she at least planned it, or put Czolgosz up to doing it."

"How can you prosecute her?" asked Old King Brady.

"Obstacles confront the Federal and State authorities about prosecuting her. If we can charge her under the Federal statutes with being Czolgosz's accomplice, we can have her tried anywhere in New York State. Her alleged incendiary statements were not made in New York. If the

President had not died, we could have charged her and Czolgosz with an offense under section 5,508 of the Federal statutes. It fixes a ten-year term of imprisonment and \$5,000 fine for conspiracy to injure a person. As the President died, Czolgosz will perish. And if we can prove her to be a confederate of his, she can get a life sentence. Have you evidence enough to convict her?"

"No. Nothing we can swear to would injure her," the old detective admitted. "She has always been cute enough to avoid committing herself by a direct statement in our hearing that she is a party to the shooting of the President."

"But she almost said as much."

"She never uttered his name. We can't swear that what she said referred to the President. It may have meant some body else. No—we can't convict her."

"Hasn't she or her friends tried to kill you?"

"We think so, but can't affirm that she was really responsible for what happened to us."

"Then you can depend she will escape."

The Bradys then left him.

As our readers know, the President died and Czolgosz was tried for murder, and after having been found guilty he was electrocuted.

The Bradys strove desperately to make a case against the Anarchist Queen, but failed signally.

She had so hedged herself in with evidence of her decency that they could prove nothing against her.

The result was that the authorities had to discharge her from custody, although Peter and Bronislava were convicted.

After that the Reds kept pretty quiet, and the Queen dropped out of sight completely.

The anarchists knew that public opinion was so much against them that it would be highly dangerous for them to make themselves conspicuous.

Herr Post was sent to jail for publishing some pretty bad reading matter, and the Bradys returned to New York.

They had done considerable good in running down the Reds, and as there was nothing further in that line for them to do, they severed their connection with the matter.

In due time they became interested in other work, and our next issue will show the sort of case that next occupied their time and attention.

THE END.

Read "THE BRADYS AND THE HOTEL CROOKED CORNER, THE MYSTERY OF ROOM 44," which will be the next number (159) of "Secret Service."

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